

THE GUARDIAN

WEEKLY

Vol. 135 No. 1 Week ending July 6, 1986

Howe hoping to persuade Botha

IGNORING the findings of the Commonwealth Eminent Persons' Group that Pretoria is in no mood to negotiate, Sir Geoffrey Howe is going to South Africa to try to establish a framework for dialogue between blacks and whites to end apartheid. The Labour spokesman, Mr Denis Healey, forecasts that the British Foreign Secretary would return "waving a sop of paper and proclaiming peace in our time". At Mrs Thatcher's insistence the EEC summit refused to call for sanctions against South Africa. In Britain, Gallup poll showed 62 per cent of people believed the Prime Minister supported the whites, whereas virtually the same percentage said they supported the blacks.

Europe ducks the issue

APARTHEID'S capacity to divide and rule now constantly extends itself beyond South Africa to dominate and disrupt international forums which ought to be united against it. The latest victim of this diplomatic malaise is the European Community summit in The Hague which came to such an ignominious end last week. Apartheid itself is not to blame, but rather those shielding it on the grounds of short-term self-interest, and those who, like the French, conceal their concurrence by letting others occupy centre-stage. In The Hague the anti-sanctions lobby consisted of Mrs Thatcher, backed by the West Germans and the Portuguese (who have a large national minority in South Africa). It is of course no coincidence that those with the biggest financial stake in South Africa — Britain, America, Germany — and the most lucrative trade with it — Germany, America, Britain — are most reluctant to impose sanctions. Each has a conservative government dependent on business support and is thus serving the vested interests of its most important political constituency. Each leader may believe that since he will not be in office when the wind of change completes its work in Africa and blows apartheid away, facing the likely bitterness of an eventual black government at the Cape will be a task for others.

So it's no sanctions now but perhaps a few expediently disguised as righteous intransigence. British trade with the rest of Africa is greater than with South Africa, and black Africa would find it easier to cut its trade links with Britain than with South Africa. If the Commonwealth's African members have the will to take advantage of these facts, the British government might yet be persuaded to take a different view of where its real interests lie.

But that the Community has opted out, the sanctions debate moves on to the mini-summit of Commonwealth leaders in London in four weeks, where action on the EPC vote calling for "measures" to forestall a racist holocaust will be considered. Although this is likely to be a much livelier affair in the light of threats to walk out and impose sanctions on Britain, the fatal flaw in the arrangements is the same as revealed at The Hague: the Commonwealth, like the Community and the UN Security Council where Britain has a veto, operates on the principle of unanimity, which plays into the hands of Mrs Thatcher as the world's leading practitioner of expediency disguised as righteous intransigence.

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Reports, pages 6 and 7



"Have a lovely trip — and do not fear to them that you haven't come waving a big stick!"



Congress for the Contras

PRESIDENT REAGAN, the great manipulator, has done it again. In spite of persistent majorities in the opinion polls against the arming of the Nicaraguan contras, he has persuaded more than half the United States Congress to go along with the plan. Perhaps it would have been different if Western European governments which disagree with his Central American policy had been less timid in declaring their views publicly. The feeling that Central America is the United States' backyard, in which it must be allowed to do what it likes, dies hard in the corridors of Whitehall, the Quai d'Orsay, and the Auswärtiges Amt. Chancellor Kohl, at least, might have said something since it is only two weeks since twelve West Germans, kidnapped by the "contras", were finally released. (Had twelve Americans been held hostage by guerrillas organised, financed, and armed by West Germany, one can imagine the cries of "terrorism" which would have resounded from Washington.)

Perhaps protests from Europe would not have worked anyway. The mood in which the Congress and the President view Central America is now irredeemably sullied with the perceived need to stand tall against Communism, particularly Communism of the invisible variety, since that is the most dangerous kind. The less that other people seem to see the danger, the firmer and quicker the lone trigger-finger must be.

By arming the contras the Congress has effectively declared war on Nicaragua. One of the smallest stages on the continent is now under mortal threat from the largest. More young Nicaraguans will now be killed.

its economy will be further ravaged, and the pathetically low standard of living of its people will be reduced. At the diplomatic level, the Congressional vote will snuff out the last flickering signs of life in the Contadora negotiations.

Nicaragua is in no way a threat to the United States. It has held elections which were freer of violence and less spoiled by intimidation, and which offered a wider range of ideological choices than most elections in the region. It has pledged not to accept foreign bases, either for nuclear or conventional weapons, on its territory. It has offered to sign a treaty with the United States to that effect. Its only danger to Washington is that it sets an example of independence which has been lacking for decades in the Central American isthmus.

The definition of independence is that countries be able to choose forms of government which their neighbours object to. That is the fundamental principle which a majority in Congress has been unable or unwilling to understand or accept. Looked at in this light, it is hardly surprising that Mr Reagan was able to win his money for the contras. Most Congressmen have opposed him on pragmatic grounds. Will aid to the contras drive the Sandinistas into Moscow's arms? Is it the best way to put pressure on Managua? Should economic sanctions be allowed more time to take effect? Will American troops eventually be sucked in? Few Congressmen have dared to take a stand on the basic issue of whether the United States has the right to interfere in a far away country's internal affairs. Few have dared to say that Reagan is wrong.

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Sweeping up the Star Wars crumbs

So at last the Star Wars crumbs for Britain have been made public. The £1 billion worth of contracts laughably aimed at by Michael Heseltine last December before he signed the Memorandum of Understanding has dwindled to the pitiful sum of £10 million. For this pittance, the British Government's support for the Strategic Defence Initiative has been relentlessly hyped in Washington by Pentagon Star Warriors desperate to shore up their flagging and impractical programme.

To offset this image of Britain's acquiescence the Coalition Against Star Wars (CASW) was launched last week: it consists of peace, environment, development, scientific, medical and church groups. At its launch, Neil Kinnock denounced Labour Party opposition to Star Wars, and statements from David Steel and David Owen showed the extent of opposition to SDI from the leaders of the Alliance.

It is the Coalition's view that musing over unobtainable astronomicals is not the way to render nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete". On the contrary, it will result in an unprecedented arms

race as the Soviets build more missiles to swamp the imperfect defence system, the West "catches up", the Soviets build their own SDI, etc etc.

Now that this programme is under increasing attack in the United States it really is time for the British Government to change its stance on Star Wars, cancelling the Memorandum of Understanding and negotiating a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty — not only to cap the arms race but also to kill off the nuclear explosion-powered X-ray laser programme so important to SDI.

However, given Mrs Thatcher's lack of a resolution when it comes even to annulling at President Reagan's heels, we will doubtless have to wait until the next government, be it Labour or Alliance. Withdrawal from SDI in 1987-88 will strengthen enormously the efforts of Americans working hard to kill Star Wars when the new Administration comes to power in 1989 — when thankfully the Force of the Teflon Wizard will no longer be with us.

Chris Hume, Greenpeace, London N1.

The wisdom of Shankly

In your leader on the World Cup you pose the question of whether football is so important that it dictates the nation's perception of itself. The late Bill Shankly provided the answer when he commented that football is not a matter of life and death — it is more important than that!

On the same subject, my six-year-old daughter recently announced to my wife that we had a picture of God in the house. On returning from the bookcase she

presented her not with the Bible, but with Bill Shankly's autobiography.

John Kirkwood, Shaffield.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed but not all can be acknowledged. We do not like cutting them but sometimes it is necessary to get them in the page — short letters stand a better chance. Send them to The Manchester Guardian Weekly, PO Box 18, Cheshire, Cheshire SK9 1DU, England.

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Pessimistic look in the World Cup mirror

Maradona's handling of the ball into the English goal and the tolerant reactions to it of the England manager, your correspondent David Lacey and television commentators like Kevin Keegan ("All pros do it") throw much light on the symbolic meanings being conveyed by this most popular of international spectator sports.

The consensual view seems to be that responsibility for observance of football's rules lies not with players or managers, but with referees and those who appoint them. It seems to be reasonable to criticise FIFA for employing inexperienced officials from Third World countries, but not the privi-

leged, young players who take advantage of them.

To be sure, this attitude of "realism" causes moral discomfort. If Maradona's hand-ball is understandable and no particular discredit to him, shouldn't the same tolerance be extended to the Brazilian goalkeeper's foul on Bellone, the French player who would otherwise have scored; or, come to that, to the Uruguayans' attempt to kick Scotland out of the competition? Where can one draw the line between one opportunity — "professionalism" — it is called, inverting the ethical meaning of the term — foul and another.

Football may be a truthful expression of a wider social climate. In this, responsibility for ethical behaviour lies outside the individual, in the framework of surveillance or sanctions which make misdeeds — whether burglary or fraud — profitable or not; especially this is so when money and status are at stake.

The current spectacle may unwittingly reveal some of the deepest — if most contradictory — values of a competitive, international enterprise culture. Seeing our society reflected in this mirror, we should be less surprised by its propensity to crime and disorder.

Michael Rustin, NE London Polytechnic.

Paraguayan experience

There is little doubt that during the colonial period Paraguay was one of the largest Spanish possessions in the region. It was actually colonised before Argentina and Uruguay. However, its geographical position contributed to isolate it from the outside world, particularly at a time when the only means of communication with the main trade routes were either slow convoys of "carretas" or via the Rio Parana and the Rio de la Plata.

Your Leader (June 28) accurately notes that Voltaire was opposed to the establishment by the Jesuits of the famous Misiones. However, these protected the native Guarani from the economic exploitation — really slavery — of the Spanish and Portuguese colonists (apart from teaching them to build churches, music and so on).

Voltaire's criticisms perhaps were another example of the well-meaning, but mistaken, attempts of European intellectuals to understand the realities of developing countries while relying on incomplete information? It seems to me that you overestimate the influence of Britain on the political and economic development of the region. It is doubtful whether Britain ever exercised economic

"control" over any of the countries in the region. The main policy of Her Majesty's Government seems to have been to keep open for British commerce without discrimination. In the case of Paraguay this meant ensuring the free navigation of the river, and this could only have benefited the country.

I wonder how you support your statement that Britain plotted together with Argentina and Brazil (Uruguay was a minor partner in this crime) to fight the war of the Triple Alliance? This is still an important issue in South America. If there were any predators stalking Paraguay these were much nearer to its borders and did not need encouragement from Whitehall.

Finally, how do you justify your reference to Uruguay as a "misérable mini-state"? Although it is 45 times smaller than Brazil, it is still larger than England, Belgium and a few other countries. We Uruguayan may be "cynical and brutal, but talented" at football, but certainly not miserable.

(Dr) Juan Oribia Stemmar, Princeps Street, Cardiff.

Knocking on Britain's door

What nonsense. "A million South Africans entitled to settle in Britain" (June 28). Since the 1980s successive British governments have continually reneged on their promises to Commonwealth citizens. The Nationality Act of 1948 gave British citizenship to all who were citizens of any Commonwealth country.

Since 1982 successive British governments have introduced legislation that has taken away the right of most Commonwealth citizens (all black) to enter Britain. The 1984 Nationality Act is a further refinement of this position. Now it is possible that East African Asians have no right of entry into any country outside the one that they reside in at present.

It is perfectly feasible for the Government to restrict the right of entry of the estimated million South African citizens who appear to have right of entry. But that couldn't happen; after all they are "white". British Immigration Law is inherently racist and only seeks to restrict black Commonwealth citizens from entering.

(Rev) C. Halliday, Manchester.

Who cares about 'isms'?

Waldemar Januszczak's review of British Art since 1900 (June 15) betrays a touch of the arrogance which makes enthusiasts for Modernism the worst enemies of their own cause. Hero-worshipping the aggressive avant-garde can be just as "ecocritical" as losing yourself in a nostalgic rural mist. Both make pretty effective ways of running away from the normal concerns,

fears and celebrations of human life.

Or is it just living on the other side of the world that makes this obsession with taking sides in an ideological war (Modernism vs. Bourgeoisie Sentimentalism) seem so dated — more Age of Baldwin than Age of Thatcher?

Peter Gould, Klemis Avenue, Singapore.

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In brief...

AN East German couple created false identities and amassed spying equipment in preparation for espionage against Britain, an Old Bailey jury heard this week.

They had been furnished with a flamboyant array of forged documents and elaborate cover stories when police raided their home near Heathrow airport last August and found devices which could snaffle, de-code, send and receive messages to and from the German Democratic Republic, it was claimed.

Mr Reinhardt Schulze, aged 33, an interior designer, and his wife, Sonja, 36, a technical translator, denied three charges under section one of the Official Secrets Act, but pleaded guilty to two offences under the Forgery and Counterfeiting Act of possessing a forged British passport and a forged West German identity card.

Mr John Paul Getty II paid £1,375,000 at Sotheby's last week for four medieval manuscript pages illustrating the life of St Thomas à Becket. Mr Getty said: "It was important to me that it should be kept in this country." The treasure, lavishly illustrated, had come for sale from Europe and would not have needed an export licence to leave Britain.

Branson claims Blue Riband

By Paul Brown

THE POP music entrepreneur and airline boss Mr Richard Branson, fresh from his record crossing of the Atlantic, was told that he would not receive the coveted Blue Riband trophy because he had made the trip in a "toy boat" rather than an ocean liner.

In turn, Mr Branson put a brave face on the rather cutting remarks by the curator of the American Merchant Marine Museum, Mr Frank Braynard, and said it was the challenge that counted.

However, Mr Branson, whose boat Virgin Atlantic Challenger II was sporting a five-foot blue

Defence cuts listed

By Alan Travis

THE Defence Secretary, Mr George Younger, this week announced the first "front line" defence cuts of the Conservative Government, with projects for all three armed services cancelled or delayed.

After seven years of continuous growth in defence spending under Mrs Thatcher's Government, Mr Younger announced the first in a series of "difficult decisions" to meet the 1.5 per cent per year decline in defence spending over the next three years.

In the case of the Navy, plans have been cancelled to fit new submarine detection sonars to the Type 23 frigates.

For the RAF, Mr Younger said: "Some adjustments are likely to the timescale and production quantities for some weapons systems." This is likely to mean that the Government is to delay ordering a second batch of 18 new Harrier GR5 jump jet aircraft. A decision will be taken before the end of the year.

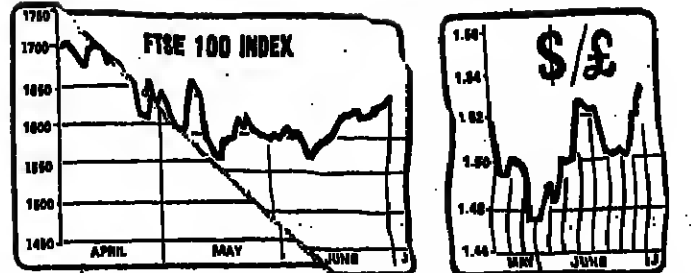
The RAF will also be hit by "short delays" in the build up of Tornado GR1 reconnaissance because of a diversion of Tornado ground attack aircraft and weapons to support the major sea-

such aircraft to Saudi Arabia.

Unexpectedly, Mr Younger included the Army in this first package of frontline cutbacks indicating that the Ministry of Defence will not proceed with the Law Mine, which is a light anti-tank weapon, and will also reduce provision for future mines.

Mr Younger said that other difficult decisions will be necessary. "We will take these as and when we have to, but clearly I shall be having to take the greatest care when deciding on the size and timing of all orders for the foreseeable future. There is no question of wholesale deferrals."

MPs, particularly those from shipbuilding constituencies, are very concerned about the new order for Type 23 frigates, which are to be announced before August. Up to three new frigates had been expected to have been ordered to maintain 60 escorts in the destroyer-frigate fleet, and Mr Younger fuelled speculation that only one or two would be ordered.



Oil cheaper

By John Hooper

CRUDE Oil prices slipped early this week after Opec adjourned its summer conference till July 28 without attempting to reach agreement on how to share out new production limits.

The chairman, Mr Rilwanu Lukman of Nigeria, appealed to ministers to keep output down. But the minister for the United Arab Emirates, Dr Mana Saeed Al-Otaiba, said the UAE intended to continue to produce over 50 per cent more than its existing quota. Agreement was reached — if only by a majority — on a target price range of \$17 to \$20 a barrel, compared with present levels of \$11 to \$12.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

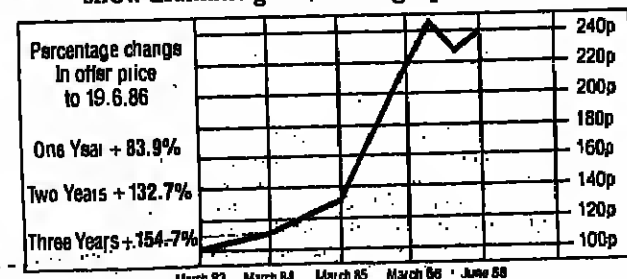
	Monday July 5	Previous Closing Rate
Australia	2.2780-2.2800	2.2720-2.2770
Austria	23.50-23.55	23.50-23.55
Belgium	48.79-48.85	48.80-48.85
Canada	2.1237-2.1250	2.1180-2.1224
Denmark	12.47-12.50	12.50-12.53
France	10.74-10.75	10.74-10.76
Germany	3.36-3.37	3.36-3.37
Hong Kong	11.00-12.00	11.00-11.81
Italy	1.1300-1.1340	1.1300-1.1350
Japan	2.3100-2.3140	2.3100-2.3150
Netherlands	250.80-251.10	250.80-251.10
Norway	3.7934-3.7982	3.79-3.80
Portugal	11.48-11.50	11.50-11.52
Spain	227.12-228.80	228.80-230.73
Sweden	214.88-216.18	215.88-216.06
Switzerland	10.80-10.82	10.81-10.84
USA	2.7484-2.7525	2.75-2.76
Yen	1.5350-1.5340	1.5350-1.5380
ECU	1.5801-1.5800	1.5801-1.5713

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Farms alerted to danger of radioactive feed

By Andrew Vetter

FARMERS who sate grass from fields contaminated by the Chernobyl cloud will be feeding their cattle with radioactive silage this winter, a senior official warned last week.

Unless action is taken, high levels of radiation in North Wales and Cumbria will be concentrated in silage, it emerged. There will be a serious risk to the health of the cattle and sheep, said Dr. Mike O'Riordan, head of the National Radiological Protection Board. "I would not like to predict the effect on people," he added.

Despite the danger, a Ministry of Agriculture spokesman said there were no plans to warn farmers against storing contaminated grass.

"We will monitor the food," he said. "We recognise there will be some levels in the silage this winter. Cesium has a 30-year half-life. We will monitor produce for as long as necessary."

The threat emerged after German physicist reported last week that cesium and "hot" beta-emitting particles would accumulate in barnyard silage, endangering farmers and their children.

"They can be expected to be trapped permanently in the lungs of individuals exposed to contaminated hay," the physicist warned in the science magazine *Nature*.

The precise effects on the body of the 1-2 micron particles are not known, but the German scientists' calculations suggest that cancer may be a threat—particles are far more lethal than cesium, they said.

The isotopes stick to the grass despite drying at 130 degrees C and vigorous shaking for 24 hours, their experiments show.

'No retreat' from nuclear age

By David Fairhall

IT WOULD be irresponsible of Britain to abandon nuclear power in the wake of the Chernobyl disaster, the Energy Secretary, Mr. Peter Walker, said last week in a speech apparently aimed at stiffening the Government's resolve to press ahead with the Sizewell B nuclear power station in Suffolk.

People were right to question the safety of nuclear power, Mr. Walker said, but they must also face the possibility of lower living standards if a world shortage of electrical energy led to uncontrolled recession in the industrialised countries.

"If we care about the standards of living of generations yet to come, we must meet the challenge of the nuclear age and not retreat into the irresponsible course of leaving our children and grandchildren a world in deep and probably irreversible decline," he told the Engineering Employers' Federation in London.

Britain was unusually well placed, he conceded, with its own supplies of oil, oil and gas, but he did not believe it could escape the

consequences of a wider energy crisis prompted by the absence of nuclear power in the next century.

If it had its own nuclear programme it would not only have an alternative supply but be able to exploit the world market for nuclear systems along with the French, the Germans, the Japanese and the Americans.

Mr. Walker's well-publicised speech may well have been intended to steady the nerves of his Cabinet colleagues as well as implying that political opponents of nuclear power are merely looking for votes.

Labour's shadow energy secretary, Mr. Stan Orme, claimed

afterwards that it was an attempt to convince the British people of the benefits of nuclear power, the Tory minister had "failed miserably."

The next Labour Government would not order any additions to nuclear capacity, Mr. Orme said, but would concentrate instead on natural resources, on oil, gas, coal and renewable fuels, and on a real rather than a cosmetic conservation programme.

In his speech, Mr. Walker claimed to be a vigorous advocate of energy conservation, and forecast that an investment of £20-£30 billion in more efficient energy technologies could reduce the UK's demand by 20 per cent.

Busker's discordant note

By Andrew Moncur

A BUSKER'S squeeze-box has finally overbalanced one of the mightiest organs known to sacred music and Cambridge college choirs: Dr. George Guesst's ear.

Dr. Guesst, university organist, distinguished director of the St John's College choir, special commissioner to the Royal School of Church Music and a former Royal Academy professor of harmony, has started to hum.

Ha has complained about the music being made outside his window by a solitary Cambridge busker with a melodeon.

Now, the city council is trying to restore a little harmony by balancing the musical interests of Dr. Guesst, busker Chris Tabacki and the market traders who have put their names to a petition asking that the melodeon should be allowed to play on.

"One man's music is another man's noise nuisance," said Mr. Michael Dimmubro, the city's environmental health officer, who has the task of resolving the discord.

The answer: Mr. Tabacki is being asked not to play on weekdays outside St John's College, where Dr. Guesst has been a Fellow since 1958. He may continue to perform there on Saturdays when there is unlikely to be anybody about to take offence.

"We have out-Fronched the French, if you like," said Mr. Guesst.

but if vast foreign investment fled from what is now a contender in international markets, the British financial structure might become irrelevant. Opportunities for playing a game these people love like an obsession would be over.

The engineer's case is far less simple. Whether he likes it or not, he is a "socialist" profession. Other people's jobs depend on his. One reason for his low salary expectation surely has something to do with the strength of the unions on the engineering shopfloor. The average mechanical engineering worker earns perhaps £170 a week; how can his boss justify a disproportionately higher salary for himself?

The engineer is, generally, a man feeling responsible for investing in the future. His satisfaction comes in making something of benefit to other people.

This is a cry from your City money spinner. His satisfactions are transient and doomed. He must think fast, trusting his instinct. He cannot plan the future or take anything for granted.

It is dangerous to forget that these often obnoxious young people are the thin end of the wedge which gave this country Drake and Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney, and opened up centuries of international trade which provided the basis of the British Empire.

Let engineers and others of their ilk take heart—for if the American experience is repeated here, quite a large number of these latter-day adventurers will succumb to the huge temptations and do a stretch inside.

Irish voters reject divorce reform

By Joe Joyce in Dublin

Irish voters have rejected the introduction of divorce in a referendum seen as the most important test in decades of the republic's attitude towards minorities and the influence of the Catholic Church on the country's civil law.

The final figures, showed 538,379 (38.6 per cent) in favour of the change and 835,842 (61.4 per cent) against. The turnout was just over 59 per cent. The majority, approaching two to one against, has raised questions about the future of the Anglo-Irish Agreement.

Dr. FitzGerald scotched speculation that he would retire from politics—as he once promised if people rejected his belief in a pluralist society that could accommodate Northern Protestants. "The fact that one has a setback is no reason not to continue on the course that one has set oneself," he said. He denied that he or his Fine Gael party had been damaged and said he intended to lead the party into the next general election.

Nonetheless, the extent of the defeat was a blow to the government's worst expectations. It is bound to have a demoralising and destabilising effect on the ruling coalition. Internal tensions within Fine Gael and between it and Labour were already apparent as recriminations began.

The outcome was a direct reversal of the first opinion poll of the campaign two months ago, which showed 61 per cent in favour and 39 per cent against. The outcome mirrored closely the result of the

area of Galway East voted by 78 per cent against. Ballot boxes from the area were destroyed by a single vote for divorce.

Some of Dr. FitzGerald's supporters found themselves in rare agreement with Dr. Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party, which urged the result as proof that a public referendum was not the way to settle the issue of Catholic nationalism. A state which is not a republic, it said, is not a state at all. It is not to be a DUP said.

Only five constituencies, mostly in South Dublin, showed a majority for divorce. The Dublin area as a whole was fractionally in favour, but rural areas were staunchly against. The largest majority in favour—69 per cent—was in the Dun-Laoghaire suburb of Dublin. At the other extreme, the rural

area of Galway East voted by 78 per cent against. Ballot boxes from the area were destroyed by a single vote for divorce.

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Republic confirmed as a Catholic state for Catholic people

THERE was no doubting the simplicity and brutality of the message as the ballot papers were counted in the Irish Republic's referendum on divorce. A majority of people had clearly borrowed the "Ulster says No" slogan and had stood by their own concept of a Catholic state for a Catholic people. As one dispirited cabinet minister summed it up, the message was "Majority rules OK."

The scale of the defeat for Dr. Garret FitzGerald is profound. His vision of a pluralist republic, the basis of his whole political career, has been decisively rejected in what must be the most painful reversal he has suffered. And he now heads a party and coalition already rent by recriminations.

The most important outcome of the vote is likely to be its impact on the Anglo-Irish agreement, the most notable achievement of Dr. FitzGerald's premiership. The agreement has been dealt a severe psychological blow.

No one was naive enough to believe that the introduction of divorce in the Republic would have had any appreciable effect on Unionist opposition to the pact. But its rejection has given Unionist charges of "Rome rules" greater validity and has made it more difficult for the British Government to hold the line against their demands for simple majority rule in the province. Dublin's appeals to Unionists to respect minority rights will carry even less weight from now on.

What makes Dr. FitzGerald's defeat more acute is the fact that he has specifically turned the referendum at the last minute into a poll on minority rights, appealing to his electorate to take account of the implications of the referendum on Northern Ireland. Mr. John Hume, the leader of the main minority party in the North, had also thrown his enormous stature in the South behind a similar appeal. Both have fallen on deaf ears.

The result has also illustrated the hollowness of the declarations of Catholic bishops to the New Ireland Forum on the rights of other religions in a united Ireland. When the chips were down, the Church was seen to pull out all the stops and play a major role in defeating divorce. The support of the Protestant churches for the government amendment was simply ignored.

Dr. FitzGerald's most urgent task, however, is to steady his coalition administration which probably faces a general election sooner rather than later as a result of last week's defeat. His last year in office is going to be even more uncertain and shaky than it had anticipated.

His authority as leader of Fine Gael and as Taoiseach has undoubtedly been weakened. His political judgment has been brought into question with a vengeance, apart from his own reaction to this rejection of the kind of society he hoped to encourage in the Republic.

The result gives new heart to the party's old right-wing ramp which has always been uneasy with his Social Democratic leanings but who, until now, has little on which to challenge him. But this defeat can and will be laid firmly at his feet. It was he alone who changed his mind earlier this year and decided that the time was ripe to try for reform.

His decision was grounded on successive opinion polls showing a substantial majority in favour of divorce. Indeed, his timing and approach seemed to be correct when the first "poll-after" the referendum was announced at the end of April showed a 22 per cent majority in favour of the government proposals.

How and why that pro-divorce majority was transformed into an anti-divorce landslide is already the subject of bitter debates. The

main factor was certainly the relentless campaign about the effects of divorce for the property and pension rights and incomes of dependent women.

Fears of financial insecurity were backed by a deliberate appeal to basic emotions with posters proclaiming "You can be forced to divorce" and "Divorce is a child's nightmare."

The Catholic Church threw its full weight behind the anti-constitutional campaign, using its pulpits Sunday after Sunday to run home the message that divorce would be disastrous while denying that it was telling anybody how to vote. In some areas, schoolchildren were given leaflets to distribute urging a "no" vote. Two priests who had declared their support for divorce were quickly silenced.

On the other hand, the pro-divorce campaign was fragmented as well as being continually on the defensive. The Divorce Action Group which has lobbied for reform for years, had neither the resources nor the expertise to mount an effective nation-wide campaign.

Divisions within Fine Gael—notably the opposition of Education Minister Patrick Cooney—prevented a coordinated government campaign. Tactical considerations also persuaded Fine Gael to adopt a low-key approach and try to prevent a party political battle developing with Fianna Fail. It was left to the small left-wing parties, Labour and the Workers Party, to carry the brunt of the campaigning.

Officially neutral, Fianna Fail nevertheless played a significant role in the outcome. Like the old joke about Irish neutrality during the second world war—asked who was the munny neutral against—there was no doubt that Fianna Fail was neutral against divorce.

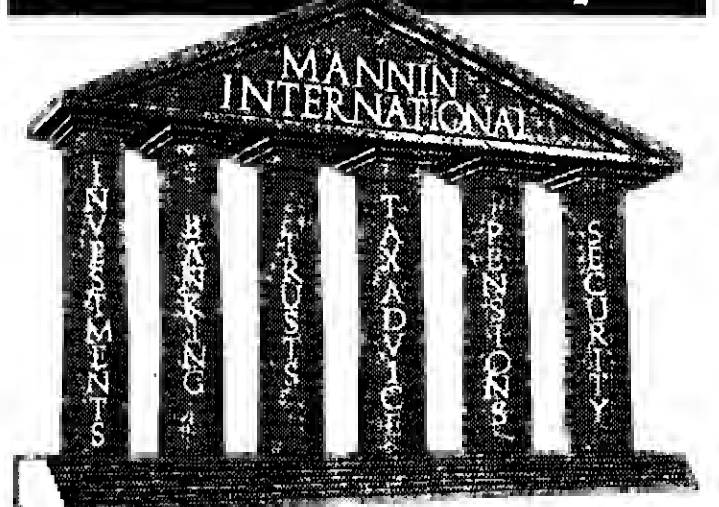
Given the line-up for and against divorce, it was scarcely surprising that the proposal was lost. Ranged against it were the two most powerful institutions in

Irish life—the Church and Fianna Fail. In favour of divorce were the two most unpopular institutions at the moment—the government and the media.

As well as the political careerists bruised by the outcome, thousands of people in broken marriages have also received a harsh reply to their appeals for help. Many of them want public meetings and on doorsteps to explain their plight and wanted divorce to resolve their

legal, social, and emotional, 99.9 per cent. Dr. FitzGerald might be able to find a crumb of comfort in the comment of one middle-aged woman who thanked him, whatever the outcome, at a meeting earlier in the week for having at least tried to do something for people stuck like her in a broken marriage. Otherwise, there is nothing in this decision to offer him either political or personal comfort.

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Australian vineyard treading nouveau ground

By Andrew Moncur

AUSTRALIANS probably wouldn't give a XXXX, but 26,400 bottles of Chateau Kindilan 1986 have arrived in Britain, threatening to foster a fashion—the taste for Aussie Nouveau.

In the familiar Australian manner, it has come to these shores young, fruity, and full-bodied with the aim of being frequently drunk and found in scores of off-licence premises.

It is, in fact, very young. The new Kindilan, described as the first red wine of 1986, was only made in March and appears here a full five months ahead of the better-known Beaujolais version which is received with its annual ritual in November.

A container load of 2,200 cases has been shipped from Clare Valley, South Australia, to the shelves of more than 20 wine stores. It comes to the UK with few pretensions and at a price (£2.99 a bottle) which should help consumers to get a new dawn before going under.

"Drunk chilled, it has a very nice, fruity taste. It's very full, whereas Beaujolais is inclined to be a little bit thin; it has a good, round, strawberry taste. It is a good quaffing wine and that's how you should drink it," said a modest Mr. Nick Greenland, commercial director of Peter Dominie.

"If it goes well it could start a fashion. You will get nouveau from all over—from New Zealand... Or Syria. Or Bulgaria. Or Turkey. Not to mention Wirrabaro, Yorgala, Koolunga and other out-

posts of the safe society around Mount Remarkable, South Australia.

Last year they sprang the Aussie Nouveau on the French, of all people, who seem to have regarded it with a sort of petting-pool good humour. They may not have realised that the Kindilan wine is made by an exiled Alsacian, called Michel Dietrich, in the high-tech manner of Clare Valley's Qualiteler vineyards.

This involves seeing the grapes in containers, flushing them with carbon dioxide and generally making a wine fit to drink with almost indecent haste.

"We have out-Fronched the French, if you like," said Mr. Greenland.

While engineers are doing well if they earn £12,000 a year, salaries in the City of London are going through the roof. Jane McLoughlin investigates.

The City's new rich

The National Economic Development Office prepared a report a year or so ago in which the shortage of skilled engineers was discussed. The dangers of this shortage were obvious—British firms were liable to import penetration; innovation was inhibited; what investment there was was spent on mechanisation rather than innovation... but there was also a curious anomaly in the report: the report found, market forces arising from a shortage of engineers in fields like electronics and information technology had not led to higher initial salaries.

In the City, on the other hand, market forces had a field day. There was a slump in the money markets in the early to mid-1970s. Some stockbusting firms made up to 40 per cent of their staff redundant. The profession moved away from the traditional old school to network. London awoke from the torpor induced by operating in a single domestic market. Suddenly there was talk of 24-hour market trading around the world, and London had to compete on the international markets with the rest.

On top of that, there's Big Bang. From October 27 this year, the Stock Exchange will be deregulated—fixed commission will be abandoned, and the distinction between the broker and the jobber (those who take orders from

clients and those who make the market in shares) will disappear. As in America and Japan, the banks and institutions have had to become vast financial multinationals, and supermarkets as well.

The British banks and institutions, which had a lot of catching up to do, began to buy in the best traders and analysts money could buy. They had to pay through the nose to do so, the objects of their desire knew exactly how much their would-be employers needed them.

As part of this, the banks took over firms with the expertise they needed, say, in retailing. They had to buy out the partners, and reward the key analysts commensurately with that compensation. At the same time, this merry life is likely to be a short one. It's a high-risk business, like gambling, and the money is dependent on performance. Success reaps rewards, but the wages of failure are instant death.

These new market millionaires are like footballers, bought in to star and take the team to the top of the league. The engineer, translating his creativity into a product, something tangible, may scorn a group of people who simply shift other people's money around.

The difference shows in political terms. To a man, the City votes Tory and fears a Labour government which might clip their wings. Of course self-interest is involved,

but if vast foreign investment fled from what is now a contender in international markets, the British financial structure might become irrelevant. Opportunities for playing a game these people love like an obsession would be over.

The engineer's case is far less simple. Whether he likes it or not, he is a "socialist" profession. Other people's jobs depend on his. One reason for his low salary expectation surely has something to do with the strength of the unions on the engineering shopfloor. The average mechanical engineering worker earns perhaps £170 a week; how can his boss justify a disproportionately higher salary for himself?

The engineer is, generally, a man feeling responsible for investing in the future. His satisfaction comes in making something of benefit to other people.

This is a cry from your City money spinner. His satisfactions are transient and doomed. He must think fast, trusting his instinct. He cannot plan the future or take anything for granted.

It is dangerous to forget that these often obnoxious young people are the thin end of the wedge which gave this country Drake and Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney, and opened up centuries of international trade which provided the basis of the British Empire.

Let engineers and others of their ilk take heart—for if the American experience is repeated here, quite a large number of these latter-day adventurers will succumb to the huge temptations and do a stretch inside.

THERE is something obscene about some gilded youth earning £100,000 a year and more in his early twenties for buying and selling other people's money. At least, there is to someone who spent a socially blighted adolescence studying maths and physics, three years at university with his nose to the grindstone, and then perhaps another year's vocational training just to consider himself well paid if he is earning £12,000 a year by the time he is 30.

But why? Why not "nice work if you can get it"?

The man from the Engineering Training Board said it all: "You cannot compare people who make their money in the City with those in a respectable profession. Put against people like architects or lawyers, engineers don't do too badly."

But that youthful Midas in the City, gobbling his join roly-poly pudding and custard at high speed, at some monkish trestle at an eating place in the Square Mile, will argue that he earns every penny he makes. Blood and guts, that's what it takes—indigestion and fear of reaching 30 and the big turn-out. In the office by 7.30am and not out before 9pm most nights.

Reports of the kind of salaries paid to callow youths in the smug community which makes up the City of London are often underestimates.

This week, Smith New Court financial services group published figures showing that the average basic salary of its directors was £291,000 and £295,000 this year. On top of this, they will get at least

"Your top class engineer has to go into line management if he wants to make more money. His highest position as an engineer—director of engineering—won't be particularly lucrative. Top which £20,000 to £25,000," according to the Income Data Service salary research group.

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Court proceedings began against the two men after the Dikko affair when relations between Britain and Nigeria entered a period of strain.

Three appeal judges ruled that the men were not party to a conspiracy because the pilots of the plane, Ms Katrina Spalding and Mr Michael Howard, were entitled to take possession of it on behalf of a British firm, Shirlston Transport Services.

The trial judge had been wrong, they said, to refuse evidence on the ownership of the plane, which had been leased to Prince Morrison Ilori, owner of Sparkling Breweries in Nigeria. He had ceased to have any legal right to the aircraft as he was £288,000 in default on lease payments.

TWO Britons sentenced to 14-year jail terms in Nigeria were released and flew home to London last week. The appeal court in Lagos quashed their convictions and accused the trial judge of making serious legal mistakes.

Mr Kenneth Clark and Mr Angue Patterson, both aircraft engineers from Aberdeen, were grounded in a government anti-corruption drive.

They had serviced a private jet which was flown out of the country by two British pilots without official clearance during a period when all private aircraft were grounded in a government anti-corruption drive.

The trial judge had been wrong, they said, to refuse evidence on the ownership of the plane, which had been leased to Prince Morrison Ilori, owner of Sparkling Breweries in Nigeria. He had ceased to have any legal right to the aircraft as he was £288,000 in default on lease payments.

Israel's security chief resigns over killings

ISRAEL'S security scandal came to a head last week when the chief of the Shin Bet secret service resigned and thus prevented an official enquiry which could have exposed the role of the country's top political leaders in a cover-up of the facts about the killing of Palestinian prisoners.

The month-long scandal, an astonishing and highly controversial conclusion, after a net secretary crisis, meetings, that the, and three of his Abraham Shalom sought and had colleagues a presidential pardon.

Some cabinet ministers im-

But the questions won't go away

AVRAHAM SHALOM, the head of Israel's Shin Bet security service, resigned last week, to get his political masters off the hook by preventing an investigation of his role in a cover-up over the killing of two captured Palestinians.

The Shin Bet scandal, which exploded onto the front pages of Israeli newspapers a month ago, and has stayed there ever since, raised vital questions about the functioning and accountability of secret services in a democratic country, where the need to fight terrorism is the most sacred of many sacred cows.

But the resignation by Mr Sha-

lom, and the simultaneous presidential pardon granted him and three other senior Shin Bet officers, has left those questions unanswered, particularly those pertaining to the responsibility of politicians for the activities of their clandestine services. The solution that has been hammered out is to beat the law and to cover up the cover-up.

The two young Palestinian hijackers from Gaza who were killed in what has been described as an "organised lynch" in April 1984 after taking over a civilian bus, have never been an issue in this scandal. No Israeli politician ever made political capital out of

being soft on terrorists. The issue has been over trust, truth and loyalty.

It has also been an issue that has hardly touched the general public. "So what," shrugs the man on the Tel Aviv omnibus, "if they finished off a couple of filthy terrorists. What's all the fuss about?" Whether Abraham Shalom gave the order for the lynch: whether he told the prime minister: or whether the prime minister told his successor — and whether all knew that the truth was being concealed — concern only the Israeli political elite. No-one else gives a damn.

It has been an ugly and

unifying affair, with both politicians and secret servants playing dirty and playing hard. The Prime Minister, Mr Shimon Peres, showed unusual lack of poise, when the story first broke, insisting almost hysterically that the Shin Bet chief deserved more than a trial by newspaper and Shalom's proffered resignation was repeatedly refused. Last week, however, Mr Peres caved in.

Too much was at stake, it seemed, for principles and legitimacy to triumph over power and ambition. The Foreign Minister and Likud leader, Mr Shimon Shamir, who is widely assumed to have been privy to the Shin Bet cover-up, said that while he personally had nothing to fear from an inquiry into the affair, it would damage national security. Likud Knesset members rejected demands to set up an investigation.

Mr Peres, who is due to hand over power to Mr Shamir in October, under the agreement setting up the National Unity Coalition, clearly knew too much for comfort, if not as much as Mr Shamir. Any proper enquiry — which has now been deftly avoided by Mr Shalom's resignation — would have had to have led eventually to both of them.

To judge by the furious reactions in Jerusalem, the end of the affair has yet to come. No-one has yet explained who is to blame for the fact that a senior army officer — the "Dreyfus" of this scandal — spent months under suspicion for having murdered the two Palestinians because of the Shin Bet cover-up. No-one has even mentioned the two anonymous Shin Bet agents

By Ian Black in Jerusalem

Israeli army releases warts-and-all film

By Ian Black in Jerusalem

A YEAR after withdrawing most of its forces from Lebanon, the Israeli army is releasing a warts-and-all documentary drama film, originally produced for internal purposes, that is highly critical of the three-year war, the most controversial and unpopular in the country's history.

The 90-minute film, called *A Stone's Throw* from Sidon in Hebrew and *Ricochets* in its English version, is to go on general commercial release in Israel and abroad this month. It won praise from critics who saw it at the recent Cannes film festival, although it was not a formal entry.

Ricochets was first made as an internal training film "to be used as the basis of debate on the behaviour of soldiers under pressure in the fictional confusion of Lebanon, according to the army."

"Since it was being shown to soldiers who had lived through the war, and was supposed to spark discussion," said Lieutenant-Colonel Eli Dori, head of the army's film unit, "it could not be dishonest. They would have howled us down."

Ricochets tells the story of a squad of young soldiers serving in Lebanon towards the end of the occupation. It is far from being a glorification of the war and goes a long way towards conveying the sheer terror of teenage conscripts caught up in a situation they barely comprehended.

"I understand Lebanon," says George, the Joker of the Israeli unit. "The Christians hate the Druze and the Shi'ites, the Sunnis and the Palestinians too. The Druze hate the Christians. No... yes... OK. The Druze hate the Christians, the Shi'ites and the Syrians. Why? The Shi'ites have been screwed over for ages, so they hate them all. The Sunnis hate whoever they tell them to hate, and the Palestinians hate one another. But they all hate us. If the terrorists shoot at the front of our patrol, we return fire

from the middle. If they shoot at the middle of the patrol we return fire from the front. So they attack the rear. And who is always assigned to the rear? George, that's who."

Ricochets is not objective or historical. The simplistic text that introduces the film ignores the complex motives that led the Begin Government, at the prompting of the Defence Minister, Mr Ariel Sharon, to invade Lebanon in June 1982. The PLO, the ostensible target of "Operation Peace for Galilee," is never mentioned. Nor is Israel's secret relationship with the Phalangists.

In 1982, viewers are told, "the Israeli army entered Lebanon to root out terrorist bases there. The action was to be limited in both time and scope. But Israel became entangled in the war, and remained fighting in Lebanon for three years."

Dealing with the politics of the war was problematic, to put it mildly. "The film was designed to provoke a debate about problems like morality on the battlefield," Colonel Dori said.

"We were going to expose things rather than cover them up. It went without saying, though, that we couldn't touch political questions."

But *Ricochets* has a ring of honesty and authenticity, revealing the strengths and weaknesses of the Israeli experience — the stark brutality of snatches in Lebanese Shi'ite villages; and the accidental killing of a child as the increasing nervous and trigger-happy men get caught up in a nerve-racking war.

Gadi, an idealistic young lieutenant, freed from training and serving in Lebanon for the first time, believes "there is a choice." His personal one is to storm a house to kill a Shi'ite "terrorist" rather than risk injuring the civilians inside. Gadi's hard-bitten commander, by contrast, does not care if he has to kill 100 innocent Lebanese to save one of his own men.

THE Mexican Government has narrow differences with the International Monetary Fund on how to deal with its debt and economic problems and an accord looks on the cards by late in July, according to financial sources in Washington, writes Alex Brummer. The IMF apparently agreed to accept Mexican arguments that nominal interest on Mexico's domestic debt does not have to be fully counted in budget calculations. This means it will be far less for the government of Mr Miguel de La Madrid to make the budget reductions requested by the IMF and will avoid the possibility of defaulting.

Tightening screws in Mexico

NOW the goal is over Argentina managed to snatch the World Cup for the Latin Americans, the footballers can stop banging their bell about and Mexico can return to reality.

If anything, reality will be even nastier than it was before the World Cup. On the macro-economic front, it begins immediately. Mexico is due to pay some \$1,500 million in interest on its foreign debt this week, and the government has been telling its creditors that it has not got the money.

For the average Mexican, the reality is a new round of price rises. New petrol and diesel prices are due to be announced. At any moment, too, it is expected that the cost of a ticket on the Mexico City underground will be put up by an astronomical 50 cents. This will probably be disguised by introducing a "boleto unico," which will allow people to travel on buses as well as on the underground on the same ticket. But the days of the standard fare of one peso are numbered.

This fore was fixed when the underground was first built, and was then worth about 5p. But such has been inflation and devaluation that one peso is now worth only about one tenth of a penny. In years gone by, Mexico's huge oil revenues allowed subsidised fares to be maintained. Now that these revenues have collapsed, the government cannot afford the subsidy. But public transport fares are a highly explosive issue, and the government did not want any trouble before the World Cup.

If the screws are indeed tightened this week, it will not be the first time this year. The subsidy on the basic ingredient of the tortilla, which is the Mexican's staple food, has been sharply cut to reduce the government's public spending deficit. The IMF likes

subsidies to be lowered because that reduces the budget deficit, which in Mexico's case is currently running at 13 per cent, over double the agreed target of 6 per cent. And without the IMF's approval, Mexico will not get the new bank loans it needs to avoid defaulting on its foreign debt, now pushing \$100 billion. Too bad that the cut in subsidies more than doubled the price of tortillas.

It's true that a 25 per cent wage increase was given last month to those lucky enough to have a full-time job. But that was well below the current rate of inflation since the last increase in the beginning of January. The way things are going, inflation could hit 100 per cent this year — double the target figure.

So no-one should have been surprised that when President Miguel de la Madrid inaugurated the World Cup a month ago, the thousands of Mexicans in the Aztec stadium greeted him with deafening jeers and whistles. The days are over when a Mexican president could expect a kind of veneration and no due to all.

By John Rennie

Aztec emperor or a Spanish vicar. In fact, the entire political system is in its deepest crisis since the revolution at the beginning of the century.

Mexico is, after all, no longer a backward rural country, where generation for the country, something between a chieftain and a boss, was the natural order of things. The political structure set up after the revolution was not a revolutionary rhetoric, but it was still very solidly based on the old Aztec system of *cacicquismo* — something wholly unsuited to an increasingly complex and industrialised country.

The system survived with some success for longer than it might have because for many years it delivered the goods. During 30 years until 1980, the economy's growth rate averaged about 6 per cent — well above the rate of population increase. These were the days in which, if nothing changed for the 20 million impoverished bottoms at the bottom of the pile, at least they could hope that their children would have a better life — and many did. A solid middle class was formed, and the country's stability and progress seemed assured.

During these 30 years, several efforts were made to modernise the political system, but they were always blocked by the old-guard *caciques*. Then, with the second oil price rise in the late Seventies, the ruling elite got greedy. Under the weak and vain José López Portillo, President de la Madrid's predecessor, corruption, crime, incompetence and waste became the order of the day. Mr López Portillo hardly dare show his face in Mexico City these days. Last time he appeared in a restaurant there, people began to bark at him, to remind him of the time he said he would "defend the peso like a dog," shortly before devaluing it by nearly 60 per cent.

President de la Madrid has done his best to enshrine the vainglorious rhetoric of his predecessor, and act responsibly. Much good it has done him. For nearly four years, he has followed the IMF's orthodox policies, steadfastly, but with discretion, and it has brought Mexico to

the brink of default and economic threat — not to mention the Presidential instability.

The President can be laid at have some favour. But he does to be totally incapable. One is something which charisma — Mexican president C. successful out, especially in time to do. Even within his own g's crisis, he is sharply criticised in "ment He is," one senior official wrote. "the most amiable president, modern times, but he is hopeless, indecisive. He missed a golden opportunity to rally the people after the earthquake last September."

Almost everybody, however, both inside the government and out, believes that more liberal politics are a crucial condition of modernisation. A new test is now approaching. Next Sunday, more gubernatorial and municipal elections are to be held. The PRI is saying confidently that it will win. The right-wing opposition National Action Party (PAN), which the Reagan administration would perhaps like to see as a viable alternative (but which it is very far from being), says the PRI will win only by fraud. This looks like a "heads you win, tails I lose" situation for the PRI.

At this time of crisis, the government looks more divided and indecisive than ever. Less than two weeks ago, Finance Minister Jesus Silva Herzog resigned for still unexplained reasons.

It seems he wanted the reforms of the Mexican economy, which Washington and the IMF have posed as conditions for coming to Mexico's financial rescue, to go faster than his colleagues could accept. Some Mexicans close to the government believe that the Reagan Administration is demanding another price, too — an end to Mexico's defence of the Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

What price President de la Madrid will be willing or able to pay for being bailed out remains to be seen. But there is no doubt of Washington's serious concern President Reagan is to invite his Mexican colleague for talks in California in August. In the mean time, the US Administration is apparently leaning on the IMF to soften its demands for reforms, so that Mexico can at least be bailed out until next year. According to some reports in Mexico, they are hoping that oil prices will move up again by then.

To an outsider, this looks like wild gamble. And even if it comes off, the fundamentals will be the same. The domestic debt, which now, if anything, a heavier burden on the economy than the foreign debt, will be even bigger. The political structure will be the same. The crisis will almost certainly come back, but more acutely than ever.

Perhaps Mexico's real problem that is has failed to produce an inherent modernisation plan of its own. The editor of the percept monthly magazine *Nexos*, Hector Aguilar, said, "Mexico is not a modernisation" for 30 years the two "modernisation" has been a myth. "But for Mexico to be like the United States is not possible nor acceptable to Mexicans. Their crisis will not be, however, until they find out how to modernise in their own way."

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Peru counts the cost of massacre

By Mike Reid in Peru

WHEN the Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path) guerrillas suspects detained in "Lima's" Lurigancho gaol began their mutiny by taking a prison warder hostage, they almost certainly had no inkling that less than 24 hours later all 126 of them would be dead.

With terrifying suddenness, the bloodbath in Lima's prisons has laid bare the unstable foundations of President Alan García's rule and of civilian government in Peru.

In its wake it has brought shivers of fear and some Peruvians have begun to wonder aloud whether this socially divided country of 20 millions has any chance of avoiding the kind of self-destructive violent spiral towards military dictatorship suffered by its more affluent neighbours like Argentina and Uruguay in the 1970s.

Sendero almost certainly believed that, as on previous occasions, the government would respond to its coordinated mutiny in three prongs: by negotiating. But, in a disastrous political misjudgment, it had timed its action to coincide with the arrival in Lima of leaders of the world's socialist and social democratic parties, assembling for the congress of the Socialist International.

For 37-year-old President García the congress represented a chance

to confirm his claims to be a new Third World leader. Within 12 hours, he had ordered that armed forces to crush the mutinies. It is probable that even the president himself did not foresee the full consequences.

The Senderistas quickly found themselves on the wrong end of a heavy decision whose execution was entrusted to agents who had their own reasons for applying maximum force and despatch. "It was putting the fox into the henhouse," a source close to the military said.

Mr García's 11-month-old government has been under mounting pressure to grant the armed forces sweeping powers to deal with Sendero's insurgency, which many officers considered was rapidly getting out of control.

The secretive, tightly organised and barely-armed guerrilla group, led by provincial Maoist intellectuals with no proven links to foreign governments, began its insurgency to the poverty-stricken Ayacucho region of Peru's southern Andes in 1980. But in the face of military repression over the past two years, Sendero modified its classical Maoist strategy of "surrounding the cities from the countryside."

Instead, it turned to carefully-selected assassinations and sabotage attacks in Lima. Despite the imposition of a state of emergency

and nightly curfew in the capital in February, Sendero became ever more provocative. The killing last month of Admiral Carlos Ponce, a member of the navy general staff, was a turning point. It prompted military demands for the judging of guerrilla suspects by military tribunals and for armed control over some prisons. This stemmed from the view that civilian judges were scared to convict Senderistas.

An intelligence adviser said also that many of the actions of Sendero's Lima regional committee were planned from the prisons, where the guerrillas had imposed virtual no-go areas.

Ordered to crush the mutiny, the armed forces treated it "as a purely technical operation to liquidate a subversive base," according to this source. He shares a common view that the operation left 400 guerrillas dead, although the official death toll is still 159.

Despite the protests, "the fact that the armed forces went overboard is embarrassing rather than disastrous" for Mr García's internal political position, according to a foreign diplomat. But it is an indicator of the speed with which civilian authority in Peru has been weakened that many observers believe that if Mr García wants to keep his job, he probably has no alternative but to blame the police for what happened at Lurigancho.

Talking with the ANC

WHATEVER the concomitant of the Government's decision to let Mr. Oliver Tambo, to call on Mr. Chabiler, a Foreign Office, in no way Africa. Its significance should be that the ANC, which previously renounced the use of violence, is now at the forefront of a high-level, pro-avantista inside and outside the ANC. The ANC has produced this heartening South African. But the original Conservative shift in the ANC, essentially that it is to be shunned because it was a terrorist organisation with Communist connections, is one which still, quite naturally, worry many more moderate people whose loathing of apartheid is matched by their abhorrence of political violence. The importance of the ANC for South Africa's future, freshly enhanced by British de facto recognition, and the arrival of the apartheid crisis at the centre of the world stage make this a moment to reflect on the movement's moral status.

The ANC, founded in 1912 on the model of Gandhi's Natal Indian Congress, has always presented itself as a broad church open to anyone in favour of justice for blacks in South Africa, based on one person, one vote. Pretoria makes much of the fact that about half its executive are or were members of the South African Communist Party. The imprisoned spiritual leader of the ANC, Nelson Mandela, said of his trial in 1964: "For many decades Communists were the only political group which was prepared to sit with us, talk with us, live with us and work with us... the Africans for the attainment of political rights and a stake in society. Because of this there are many Africans who, today, tend to equate freedom with Communism. They are supported in this belief by a legislature which brands all exponents of democratic government and African freedom as Communists." These words still apply. The equation by some of Communism with freedom may sound tragically ironic, but from an African point of view, nurtured on a tradition of social collectivism, the Western alternative and its twisted offspring, apartheid, have not done much for black rights. Nonetheless the ANC still stands for a multiracial or non-racial government and a mixed economy in a post-apartheid South Africa, and the rather less than radical Commonwealth Eminent Persons Group went out of its way in its recent report to emphasise the moderation of people like Mr. Mandela and Mr. Tambo.

The ANC espoused violence only when it was banned after the massacre at Sharpeville. Despite recent ANC bombings and threats to attack "soft targets," it may have been responsible for three dozen deaths in 26 years, compared with 1,700 blacks killed in South Africa by police and black intercommunal violence since September 1984. Few outside (and not so many within) the ranks of the ruling Afrikaner Nationalists doubt that a fair election would give the ANC a majority. As the militarily much weaker party, it will not renounce violence unless Pretoria does the same. President Botha's latest actions show that it is up against a racistist tyranny in its fight for the vote. The ANC is the dominant piece on the black side of the board. Britain has seen the light: it is a tragedy for South Africa that the Botha regime has rejected negotiation with reasonable men.

THE most enduring side effect of the US Star Wars programme for Britain may not be the technological crumbs from President Reagan's table, but the impetus it has given to European civil collaboration. In little more than a year the chauvinistically spawned "Eureka" defence initiative by President Mitterrand has been transformed from an anti-SDI scheme into a wide-ranging civil programme. In London on Monday, ministers representing 18 European countries endorsed over 60 joint development projects worth £1.4 billion (in addition to 26 existing ones) which will be handled by private enterprise, suitably aided by public funds. In Britain, the cash — to

IT DID not need a referendum in the south to rule out any prospect of a unified Ireland for the foreseeable future, but what the vote has done is to reinforce partitionist thinking on both sides. Of course, the people of the Republic are entitled to whatever social system they decide on, even if it is, in the words of the Democratic Unionist Party, the sawpieces of Catholic nationalism in Europe. Those who find the atmosphere claustrophobic will have to emigrate, as they have done in large numbers before for different reasons. But the Republic cannot with any consistency assert in theory its concern for the Protestant minority in the island and vote so decisively against minority rights in practice.

Mr Charles Haughey, leader of Fianna Fail, said on Irish radio that the vote had no bearing on the North-South question because even in a unitary state the cited Anglo-Scottish union different legal systems could coexist. Much more could they coexist in a federal Ireland. All that may be constitutionally true, but Mr Haughey is far too smart a politician not to recognise that the prospect of harmonious relations between north and south has been damaged, perhaps irreparably, because the vote can so easily be interpreted as a snub to all those outside the Catholic Church. And that regretfully means that harmonious relations between the two northern communities have been damaged too.

Mr John Hume was nearer the mark when he said that the impact on the north did not get the attention it deserved during

Liberté takes a back seat

LOOK around democratic Europe and you will see the police under a growing dual pressure almost everywhere — from their increasing workload and from controversy about the way they deal with it. In Britain there are the hippies, the Stalker affair, Wapping and the unending row about tougher police measures. In Sweden the force is under attack for failing to find Olof Palme's assassin. In West Germany the boys in green are on the streets again with tear-gas and water-cannon against nuclear protesters. In the Netherlands and Ireland they are all but swamped by the drug problem, in Spain by the Basque terrorists, in Italy by organised crime. In so many democracies there seems to be a growing tendency to treat deep-seated social ills as problems exclusively of law and order because they begin with, or can lead to, lawbreaking.

It is a central feature of democracy that there should be a continual debate about the role and power of the police, when technology offers unprecedented possibilities for social control as society itself becomes more and more difficult to manage. Never was it truer to say that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance — and nowhere is it more true than in France since the Right returned to government. When the Socialists took office in 1981 one of their first actions was to liberalise French law-enforcement, which is uniquely elaborate and all-pervading among the democracies. It was the first occasion in modern times that the particularly (though not exclusively) French trend towards tighter police control, going back to the Revolution and beyond, was put into reverse.

The Right has also made an early move on law and order — by swinging the pendulum violently in the opposite direction. The four security bills now winding their way through parliament are dramatic

the campaign. If the biggest problem of Ireland is the division of its people then the consequences go far beyond questions of marital breakdown. They include murder and economic depression. The Irish electorate could have voted to narrow the division. It was not planned, as observers could be forgiven for supposing, to make divorce compulsory. But the very fact of having a referendum and rejecting reform has made the division wider. It is for that reason that Dr Garret FitzGerald's judgment in going ahead with it is being criticised within his own party, but that flash of wisdom is a good deal easier after the event.

Unionist leaders have thus been handed the most plausible of reasons for resisting blandishments from the south. If a majority in the north consistently votes to continue partition so, in the light of this and the previous abortion referendum, does a majority in the south. (The previous vote was not about whether to legalise abortion. It was to make what was already illegal unconstitutional as well.) That argument must, however, be resisted in so far as it is applied to the Anglo-Irish agreement. The one-third of the people in the north who think of themselves as nationalists have in effect been given a protecting power to look after their interests. No adverse effects on the Unionists flow from that. If a future Taoiseach behaved less sensitively than does Dr FitzGerald then a new situation would have arisen. As it is Mr Pater Barry is going to find his remaining tenure difficult. Not only is he, as Foreign Minis-

evidence of the peculiarly French obsession with crime. Since Paris is the western capital most attacked by terrorists and France is noted for violent crime, popular anxiety is not surprising. But the proposed measures make enormous inroads into civil liberties without any evidence that they will have the desired effect. The police will be able to make random identity checks and arrest people on unspecified suspicion, with heavy penalties for those who do not cooperate. A "forgery-proof," computer-readable identity card is to be issued, minimum sentences of 30 years imposed for some crimes, detention without charge to be made easier and parole to be severely restricted. Right-wing deputies are falling over themselves to propose even tougher amendments to restore the death penalty and introduce heavy fines or imprisonment for those defending or even those (such as journalists) publicising the aims and words of terrorists. Add all this to impending legislation on immigration and nationality and you have a vicious mix of repression which threatens immigrants and the young above all.

A law-and-order package has rightly aroused a mass of social pressure groups. Roman Catholic and Muslim leaders have condemned it in an unparalleled joint initiative. Here one would think, is a clear case for intervention by the Socialist President Mitterrand. Unfortunately, the opinion polls show that the voters may dislike almost everything else the Chirac Government has done since it took over in March — but they favour the surrender of precious civil liberties for fear of terrorists, criminals and foreigners. Mr Mitterrand has made no comment so far and his party is pulling its punches. If he suppresses the liberal instincts he showed when he came to office to improve his chances of re-election, he will surely reduce his claim on a second term. This is no time to be saying nothing.

R and D effort among over a dozen countries and try instead to concentrate scarce resources in key growth areas of the future on a transnational basis. This ought really to be part of a wider Common Technology Policy financed, maybe, from the surplus of the CAP, which has outlived its usefulness. Europe now produces too much food and too few products of advanced technology. Such a policy, ideally, would encourage a European technological renaissance by giving fiscal privileges for companies which link up with those in other countries to develop products which can sell on a world scale. Releasing the vast purchasing power of the giant European utilities — particu-

lar, co-chairman with Mr Tom King of the Anglo-Irish conference but he was the minister in charge of the Government's referendum campaign.

Loyalist leaders would have expressed no thanks if the vote had gone the other way. In that sense Dr FitzGerald was on the proverbial hiding to nothing. His reason for holding the referendum was that he thought it the right thing to do, for the Republic itself and then for the whole island. That reason remains entirely adequate.

Craxi not for melting

AS Prime Minister of Italy, Mr Bettino Craxi had become so much of a fixture that Madame Tussaud's was poised to put his effigy on display in London this week. The momentary disfigurement of foreign waxworks is, of course, rather less important than the implications for his own country of the resignation of the holder of the alchemists' postwar record for unbroken tenure of the Italian premiership. It has, however, been clear for some months that Mr Craxi has been living on borrowed time. As leader of a coalition of five parties of which his own Socialists constituted only the second largest (by a wide margin), he was a political anomaly. Italy's dominant party, the Christian Democrats, never out of office since the war, tolerated Mr Craxi for nearly three years because they had suffered electoral setbacks and for a while had no credible and obvious new candidate for the premiership. But since the election of the energetic Mr Ciriaco de Mita as their leader last year it has only been a question of time before they would rescind their claim to the national leadership.

It is, however, an uncomfortable fact for the Christian Democrats that the only two heads of government from outside their ranks — Mr Craxi and Mr Giovanni Spadolini of the tiny Republican Party (currently defence minister) — have proved to be the outstanding Italian premiers of recent years. The two men fell out last autumn over the handling of the terrorist seizure of the Italian cruise-liner Achille Lauro, which occasioned Mr Craxi's first resignation. He immediately returned to office at the head of the identical coalition, on a wave of Italian resentment over the way the Americans had ignored national sovereignty in hijacking the ship's hijackers to an Italian airfield. Now that he has resigned a second time, Mr Craxi has already been asked by President Cossiga to step on as caretaker pending the formation of a new government, and it is entirely possible that he may be offered the chance, unprompted though it looks, of forming a third administration. He is, after all, a leader who has managed to do more than his predecessors in stabilising the Italian economy. Never held back by false modesty, Mr Craxi was always firmly convinced that his leadership of a faction historically overshadowed by Europe's largest Communist Party should not prevent him from aspiring to a post he believed was his due.

His second resignation resulted from last week's parliamentary defeat in a secret ballot on local government finance, which followed immediately on victory in an open vote of confidence. Whether he comes back now or later is an open question: that we have not heard the last of him seems certain. Madams Tussaud's should not rush to melt him down.

lary the telecommunications monopolies — to buy the products of these new Euro companies instead of buying from indigenous suppliers) could be a key stage in such a policy. There is also a vital need to develop common standards so that the new companies do not (as witness what happened in the computer games industry) churn out products incompatible with those produced by other European companies. So far, so good. But one of the ironies is that Britain is now involved in an embryonic industrial strategy in Europe while eschewing such an approach at home. As it bears fruit, what does our government think then?

Le Monde

ENGLISH SECTION

Sandinistas crack down on all opposition

By Jean-Claude Buhner

MANAGUA — "The Sandinistas are doing exactly what they like. What they want is for everybody to fall in with their views and meekly approve the Front's policy. Their sectarianism is prompting them to take an overbearing and condescending attitude towards democratic and anti-imperialist organisations. By doing this they are running the risk of cutting themselves off from the people and becoming a fringe element themselves."

Such language would come as no surprise from a representative of the Nicaraguan Opposition. It is however an indication of the malaise which the speaker happens to be Gustavo Tablada, secretary-general of the pro-Soviet Socialist Party.

A Communist activist for the past 25 years, Tablada studied medicine and later specialised in psychiatry at Moscow's Lomonosov University. He told me he had also seen the inside of Somoza's gaols. His party continues to give "considered support" to the revolution, but its criticism can hardly be ignored.

It is the very interests of the revolution and as Marxists, Tablada pointed out, "we cannot go on clinging to an ostrich-like policy and turn a blind eye to the growing signs of general discontent. Imperialist aggression may well have made a substantial contribution to making the situation worse, but we cannot blame imperialism for all our problems."

Even more scathing is Virgilio Godoy, leader of the Independent Liberal Party (PLI), which is squarely in the opposition inside the regime. Godoy belonged to the splinter group of the old Liberal Party which fought against the Somoza dictatorship, and he went some way along with the Sandinistas, serving as Labour Minister until 1984.

Like the 10 or so other parties ranging from the far left to the far right, the PLI is in a state of amargueta with greater vigour at the weekend, shut down indefinitely the country's only opposition newspaper, La Prensa. The amargueta has been applied at times with too much flexibility, President Daniel Ortega said. "We cannot give an allowing trail to carry on their shameful activities with impunity." (Cantra bill approved, pages 15/16.)

centres which continue to play by the rules the government has set, the PLI has been severely hit by the suspension of basic freedoms decreed in October 1985. "Theoretically," said Godoy, "the state of emergency and the emergency measures are intended to combat the contras. But it matters little to them. The first to be affected are those who operate within the law. If the contras didn't exist, the government would have to invent them, for it needs them to justify its policy and silence civil dissent."

Continued on page 12

As in Seville in 1982, France's soccer team — still suffering from the efforts it put into the game against Brazil on June 21, which it won — was beaten by West Germany on June 25 in the semi-final of the World Cup Championship in Mexico.

QUADALAJARA — This one Mexico's easy-going *marichis* could well have put into song: "Poor Pancho Villa, what a sad death he met. Dying in an ambush so near journey's end."

Seeing the courageous Luis Fernandez flattened out on the close-cropped grass, twice, thrice, five times as if dealt a deathblow each time; seeing him "do a Jesus" — to borrow Amadeo Doménich's delightful phrase — with his nose in the molasses on the Jalisco stadium, you remembered another *marichis* song, the one about poor Rosita: "Life's not like the grass that sprouts up again every month." Nor are all soccer games.

Poor Rosita, poor Fernandez. Poor France, poor us. Hell and damnation. To come so far and founder here, within sight of port, on a familiar and simple rock as thick as the grenadier Brigadier's trunk is broad. To defy everything — *lurista*, scorpions, altitude, boredom, sun, asparagus; to resist everybody — Russians, Italians, Brazilians, red and yellow cards; to speed towards one's adventure without a hitch, without a serious injury, without a defeat; to float on a small pink cloud in Guadalajara's skies, to receive telegrams from the President, the Prime Minister, the Colombia-Jesús Balles supporters club and pretty

Pierre Georges sees the French soccer team's exit from the World Cup

nearly from the priest of Saint Cécilia.

All and this for what? To end up sent to the bottom in Guadalajara harbour by the best identified of our denigrators, the most ritual of our persecutors. Ouedalajara, Seville all over again. We laugh over it like that, because we've got to laugh and after all because we've used to it. We laugh over it as over a disastrous day on which we suffered a disastrous elimination in a disastrous match by a team that was scarcely less disastrous. We laugh over it as over a place of trickery. There had been deception over the quality of this semifinal, over its freshness.

People say, but we mustn't believe it for there would be a howl from the whole trade, that some fishermen, when their wares are no longer quite so fresh, smear the gills of endangered fish with a mellow fresh pink colouring. Not baving any such colouring, it has to be said that France's team was no longer very fresh. The legs of course, and the wind, and perhaps the head. Our brave little leader played had had enough, they were fed up to the back teeth, as Michel Platini put it.

That was it. France's team was beaten two goals to nil. Even so, the second goal was just for laughs, the manic pleasure of the 91st minute. It was beaten by a stronger team, or rather by the physically less weak of the two, Federal Germany's team. You couldn't

really say, without being quite rash, that the Germans had reinvented football or even the instrument for battering through defenses. But at least they have one abiding quality — stamina. Like a wine which has body. They have bulging calves and they don't get winded.

After the match, Franz Beckenbauer put it out modestly and with a nice touch of hypocrisy that he was sorry for the French team. He wasn't, not for a moment. Are you ever sorry when you have a won and qualified for the final, for the second time in a row? Franz Beckenbauer is a lousy diplomat.

But what he didn't say and what 50,000 spectators and millions of television viewers would have said in his place is that this semifinal was distressing, a washout, mediocre, boring. In short, unworthy of two teams vying for the supreme triumph.

We can say this the moment the responsibility for it does not fall on the teams themselves. They did what they could with what they had left. The fierce desire to keep cheating the dream and a nagging temptation to do it all. The desire and the incapacity. The World Cup demands too much from teams. Two months of living under a watch glass or in a hothouse. Soccer morning, noon and evening, one game after another, like a spring constantly kept taut which finally loses its tension.

A team cannot with impunity

'Ar' in 'thing goes' in cinema

By N.

Marco Ballochio's remake 'Braudau'

Reymond Radigue's celebrated novel "Diable au corps" is banned to filmgoers under 13. In view of some of the scenes in the film, one wonders whether there are any more taboos left in the cinema.

COMING OUT of the showing of Marco Ballochio's "Diable au corps" where the lovely Maruschka Detmers demonstrates that in love, according to Lao-tse's canon, in addition to the great art of speaking there is also the great art of not saying a word, many film critics asked among themselves whether "fallatio" took one or two.

Right before our eyes, a taboo had been demolished. The Commission de Contrôle Cinématographique, incorrectly described as a board of "censorship", has in fact banned the film only to under-13s. Where are we going, people ask? Good question, if we knew where we came from in the first place.

It should be remembered that although the board (Commission) took over from the CGLC (Comité d'Organisation des Industries cinématographiques) which was set up by Vichy, it is not on the face of it a stronghold of conservatism.

The Minister of Culture has the right to overrule its recommendations. The previous minister of culture, Jack Lang, for example, decided against imposing a total ban on a film, which was as good as condemning it to death. As for his successor, François Léotard, we have still not had a chance of judging him.

The board sitting at the Centre National du Cinéma is made up of a wide cross-section of prominent citizens chosen from the realms of psychology, medicine, education and so on. It meets in plenary

session twice a week to see the preselected by a sub-committee, being controversial. It takes a vote and of that, the minister a variety of (the, ranging from a total ban to a U to all). In on filmgoers under-13s — ben and X (in pornography under 18 X-certificate means it is). An impossible for the film to be circuit in specific cinemas (of 40 cinemas in France, 80 are reserved for pornography films). There is also an X certificate for violent films, but it is rarely used, the ban on under-18s being sufficient.

If we move away from violence, where the board is rightly vigilant in view of the proliferation of frankly sadistic films we can pick out in the actual area eroticism, where "anything" can be shown so long as it is simulated, and pornography, where authentic sexual acts are explicitly depicted. Sequences showing copulation — which have nothing really to do with the plot — are also considered pornographic.

With the passage of time, subjects have become "freer". Incest and homosexuality can now be shown and the pictures accompanying this trend are increasingly more explicit. Where is the limit today? No longer even in male erections, but rather in violence, drugs, prostitution and generally speaking on everything suggesting a degradation of the human being. The paradox of all this being that the more eyes are opened in the cinema, the more doctors hold congresses to advise us to lead chaste lives.

(June 27)

Old men on tired legs

Pierre Georges sees the French soccer team's exit from the World Cup

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All and this for what? To end up sent to the bottom in Guadalajara harbour by the best identified of our denigrators, the most ritual of our persecutors. Ouedalajara, Seville all over again. We laugh over it like that, because we've got to laugh and after all because we've used to it. We laugh over it as over a disastrous day on which we suffered a disastrous elimination in a disastrous match by a team that was scarcely less disastrous. We laugh over it as over a place of trickery. There had been deception over the quality of this semifinal, over its freshness.

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A team cannot with impunity

Things are so much simpler. They were not so much puffed up as pooped. Like racing cyclists, they just couldn't negotiate the last pass at Quadalajara. And it's nothing scandalous or appalling. This misfortune had befallen others in the Mundial — USSR, Denmark, Spain, Italy.

Besides, was the West German team in much better shape than France's? The German players were lucky to score first. In this disastrous part of the game they scored what was obviously a disastrous goal. A very bad mistake by José Bats who let the ball through. Admittedly Andrea Breime's kick was a cannonball.

This goal from a free kick (in the tenth minute) as it was condemned the more tired of the two teams to run after the match, to engage in an uphill battle. It was an encouragement to the other side. Hold on to the advantage, counterattack; that was obviously the tactic. And these German players did just that, though without brilliance, but without letting up.

In short, everything has been said, and the only regret one could have is to see the French side leaving the Mundial the way it entered it — in felt slippers and crippled by rheumatism. It's not a picture that squares with its qualities and its success here. No, it is the exit hoped for by several of its members who certainly were winning the World Cup time. This misfortune is shared, a few Brazilians too, the 30-year-olds for example. But that's consolation.

(June 27)

Surrealism swept through all the arts like a storm and it has not disappeared today without leaving behind it the efforts of one man, André Breton, who died 20 years ago and was consecrated. The exhibition organised by Jean-Merle Dunoyer brings together the objects of Breton's passion: 300 pictures, 300 poems, 300 drawings, 300 "votive offerings" as he called them, which are, in fact, the fundamental basis of modern awareness. In federation, during half a century Breton has prospected, accompanied and followed the

the 'pope' of surrealism and his converts

By Jean-Merle Dunoyer

"THE NUCLEUS of the surrealist comet which swept through the 20th century... says José Pierre, describing André Breton. The author of 'Manifesto' would have been 88 on February 18 and September 28 will see the 20th anniversary of his death.

Without Breton, without his uncompromising vigilance and his often irritating intolerance, the surrealist comet, whatever the talents and even genius of the group's members, would have quickly scattered. Culling him, the pope of surrealism was meant to be derisive. A more apt title could hardly have been found.

An inflexible pontiff? He behaved like one. My spirit pardons us if (according to what I read) we rediscover his real presence at the centre of the exhibition, in this red room in which his secret museum has been reconstituted, his familiar world, the objects of his personality cult shot through with magical powers.

It was, of course, necessary to submit to a whole initiatory itinerary, and you will not be surprised that José Pierre has based it on the fine arts. For are these votive offerings not the visible tip of a movement which did its work in depth on the fundamental facts of modern awareness? It is doubtless putting the emphasis on the aesthetic aspect of an action which willy-nilly set out to be ethical. But art thrives on misunderstanding.

Marcel Duchamp is here, in the company of others to testify to the fact that before the 1924 "Manifesto" was published there was more than one painter who

movement which even before the publication of the 1924 "Manifesto" rallied creative people from every sphere under the banner of the dream.

This pioneers are represented in the exhibition — Gustave Moreau, Henri Rousseau ("Le Douanier") and Victor Hugo (Breton pronounced Hugo to be a "surrealist when he's not stupid"), one of whose astonishing wash drawings can be seen at the Artcurial.

Of course, the major artists of the pioneering surrealist group have not been omitted, ranging from Max Ernst to Man Ray, from Yves Tanguy to Francis Picabia. Nor have the artists who briefly passed through the surrealist phase been forgotten — Klee and Kandinsky. And Picasso, who maintained

a special relationship with Breton despite the "bad company" the painter kept, served as a bridge to the second wave formed by René Magritte, André Masson and Salvador Dalí.

During the war, Breton recruited sufficient numbers to form a third wave — citizens of the "conquered Americas" like Marshall Calder, Arshile Gorky and Roberto Matta.

Battling endlessly to make sure the irrational was re-established in all its manifestations, Breton pursued his adventure right up to his death. An adventure which is the total justification of this fine exhibition. Our particular thanks for which are due to Julian Gracq, who has made of André Breton "a hero of our times."



Salvador Dalí's 'The Labyrinth Game'.

creations. Breton's adventure, tenaciously pursued over a good 50 years, was worth the experience and justified the thanks of Julien Gracq who has turned him into "a hero of our times". "L'aventure surréaliste naitur d'André Breton", at the Artcurial, 9 Avenue Méditerranée, Paris. Until July 31. Catalogue cum-book by José Pierre with an introduction by Robert Lebel. Editions Filipacchi.

Sandinistas crack down on all opposition

Continued from page 11

bosses, but grassroots activists. While estimates of their number vary, the National Assembly has received over 2,000 petitions seeking pardon solely for political prisoners condemned to between three and six years in jail and who have served half their terms.

The people are kept strictly in line by the Sandinista Defence Committees (CDS), which Minister of the Interior Tomás Borge described as "the eyes and ears of the revolution". Organised on a neighbourhood basis and modelled on the Cuban example, the CDS serve as a channel for passing down the regime's directives.

The other parties criticise them for not operating democratically, for encouraging informers and carrying out political proscriptions. Many Nicaraguans complain that within CDS heads or officials are abusing their positions by forcing them to attend Sandinista meetings or in the distribution of ration cards and even the allocation of housing. "The CDS are constantly

blackmailing the people, especially at a time of shortages," noted Socialist Party member Julio Morales.

The discontent has grown with worsening supply problems and the continued economic stagnation. "We have shortages of everything" is one phrase heard everywhere. Cooking oil, sugar, rice and soap are rationed. There are severe shortages of medicines and spare parts. But everything can be obtained, including petrol, at prohibitive black-market prices. The austerity plan decreed in 1985 in a bid to combat speculation did cause the prices of staple products, until then subsidised, to soar.

Customers at the Ciudad Jardín supermarket have to identify themselves, that is to produce their ration cards, to enter. Long queues form at shelves offering detergents and Polish-made soap powder. The shelves are half empty and offer tins of Soviet sardines or canned meat from Bulgaria. The Sandinista leaders them-

selves acknowledge that the "economic situation is becoming more tragic every day". The lack of foreign currency for importing equipment and raw materials is leading to a growing industrial paralysis. The production of beans, corn and rice has substantially diminished. Herds are also dwindling. "Throughout their history," pointed out Tablada, "the Nicaraguans people have been able to produce their basic food."

With the State apparatus growing ever larger, another scourge has taken on disquieting proportions — corruption. In fact a year ago a special commission was set up to combat it. The government sees it primarily as something inherited from the Somoza dictatorship, but the leftwing and rightwing Opposition challenge that analysis.

In the view of Avance, the organ of the Communist Party, which is independent of Moscow, "the basic cause of corruption lies in the Sandinista Front's conception of government". As examples, the magazine points to the salaries of

government members and senior government servants which are "kept secret" and the privileges they enjoy. A Social-Christian Party official said this was caused by the emergence of a "group of favoured people in the society, especially those who occupy leading positions in the ruling party."

The people feel the weight of the sacrifices imposed on them all the more keenly as there is a minority which couldn't care less. While the bulk of the population scrapes around to make ends meet, a new nomenclature does its shopping in special stores.

"Everything for the war, everything for the combatants." The defence effort is No. 1 priority.

While the economy is going to the dogs, the army and the security services are functioning far more efficiently. With more than 100,000 men under arms, Nicaragua has by far the biggest army in Central America. Well equipped by the Soviet Union and officered by Cuban advisers it has never been seriously stretched by the 15,000 contras it is fighting.

"Insidiously but surely," commented an intellectual, "the Sandinistas are in the process of squandering the vast fund of sympathy the revolution managed to garner in its early days and even, to a certain extent, in the 1984 elections. We conducted this revolution so as to be masters of our own destiny. But these fanatical fops who were only a minority have presumptuously appropriated the key posts so as to do as they like. By their obstinacy, they are dragging us into an East-West confrontation; they want to commit us to an open war against the United States. Without paying attention to either the situation of Central America or the burden that an army of 100,000 represents for a small country of barely 3 million people, they are dreaming of a new Vietnam so as to test their theories."

With little consideration for the reservations of a public kept in line, the Sandinista commanders seem to have deliberately chosen to run before the storm.

(June 24)

East German youth finds a relative taste of freedom in Prague

PRAGUE'S beer-halls, the stamping ground of the Good Soldier Schweik, have long been celebrated as a kind of free zone where ordinary citizens, after a glass or two of Czech beer (an excellent brew), can vent their ire against those in authority, whoever they may be. U Fleku, the city's oldest beer-hall, has recently become the rallying point of young non-conformists from East Germany.

PRAGUE — The arrival of spring is always welcomed by Prague's inhabitants, as it provides them with their first opportunity to jump into their bikinis and do some gardening or odd jobs in their country dachas. But it is also an event that is greeted with jubilation on the other side of the Erzgebirge mountains which separate the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic from the German Democratic Republic.

Dresden, East Berlin and even Rostock on the Baltic are agog with the news that the River Vltava (the Moldau immortalised by Bedřich Smetana) is bathed in sunshine, and that at U Fleku they have put the tables out for the weekend.

Why, you may ask, is news of Prague's most celebrated beer-hall of such compelling interest to the citizens of East Germany? The answer is simple: Czechoslovakia is the only foreign country that East German nationals may visit without having to procure a visa, the only State whose border they may cross armed simply with their ordinary identity card.

This "anomaly" means that the citizens of the State with the most watertight borders ever devised by man can kill two birds with one stone at little cost: they can enjoy a change of scenery and slake their thirst on the excellent beer that is brewed in Bohemia (claimed by some to be the best in the world).

The beer-hall which everyone makes for, and which was once frequented by such famous names as Rainer Maria Rilke, Franz Kafka and Egon Erwin Kisch, is U Fleku. For over 500 years, the Flek family have been brewing strong, dark ale that is sold and drunk only on their own premises.

After consulting a guide to Prague's best beer-halls, I paid a visit to U Fleku, which is located in a nondescript street in the Nové Město quarter. A curious sight met my eyes when I walked through the establishment's Gothic door and into its large inner courtyard: some 500 young people, most of them men, with a sprinkling of women and children, seemed to have set up house there for the weekend.

It did not matter that with their long hair and faded blue jeans they had a slightly dated air: they had come to commune with one another and celebrate their non-conformism, their repudiation of the East German model of society.

There was, it seemed to me, only one false note. These young people, who had rejected the blue uniform of the East German Communist Youth, had opted for a similar

sartorial uniformity — in only a slightly different shade of blue — which destroyed their individuality in precisely the same way as the regime they despised.

For a moment I wondered whether I had not wandered into a den of "hooligans", as drop-outs are known here. But any such doubts were soon allayed when I sat down and struck up a conversation with the people at the assembly table, who had kindly squeezed up against each other even more tightly to make room for me.

By Luc Rosenzweig

Jürgen, a locksmith from Magdeburg, said: "Ninety-nine per cent of the people drinking here have come from the GDR. You see, Prague is a kind of ersatz Munich for us. Every year we dream of going to the Oktoberfest — and end up in Prague."

Jürgen's three days off work were put to good use. First he had spent eight hours on the train that cravls through Prussia, Saxony and Bohemia. He had then had to find lodgings in some distant suburb of Prague — central hotels are reserved for customers who pay in hard currency, such as West Germans, French and British.

East German tourists have to take out the meagre local currency allowance they get from the authorities (the equivalent of £11 per person). Some prefer to do without accommodation at all: every evening, scores of young people who have blown all their cash on several dozen beers at U Fleku can be seen in Prague's modern railway station sprawled on their duvets and waiting to take the train home the following morning.

Jürgen and his friends were keen to look at my copy of the West German daily, the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung. One roly-poly young fellow who was a little the worse for wear sobbed up for a moment as he eagerly scanned the paper, which although written in his own language was so strange to him it might just as well have been written in double Dutch.

He was fascinated by the advertising, and in particular by the offer of a special cut-price trip to Canada. "What if one of us sent in the application form?" His quip fell rather flat. More beers were ordered from one of U Fleku's many efficient waiters, and the conversation drifted on to the next-best thing to the Seychelles available to the East Berlin worker — a sun-drenched package holiday in Bulgaria.

One of the drinkers naked if French young people also wore long hair. He seemed very disappointed to learn that the fashion had changed and that really trendy Frenchmen now preferred "short back and sides."

"Our long hair is the only way we have of protesting against the State," said Jürgen. People like him have not yet outgrown the spirit of May 1968 because they never really lived through it. Perhaps that explains why the East Germans are not all alienated on meeting their equivalent, West Germany, who numbers qua in similarly large they do to nothing. They find them, as this much to say to world and live in different wavelengths.

You can do things which are not allowed by Prague regime in East Germany, strict write a letter to your fah in West German disc jockey. In the Berlin you can listen to his programmes but not post him a letter. From time to time the police drop by to make sure that things are not getting out of hand at U Fleku. The young East Germans are not worried by Czech policemen, for they are used to having to deal with cops made of harder stuff, their own Vopos, who can close down a bar in less time than it takes to bark *Polizei!* (which indicates that everyone must go home quietly).

Despite the austerity of Czech socialism, East Germans on the binge seem to find Prague especially congenial. For them, U Fleku still possesses the charm of a world where the spirit of the Good Soldier Schweik lives on. The boozers and loudmouths immortalised by Erwin Piscator seems to be egging them on to use the best weapon of the weak in the face of the oppressor: wit and sarcasm.

Paris delegates get grim warning on Aids spread

TWO THOUSAND five hundred participants, including many Africans, 200 papers presented at meetings, 700 others elected to special committees. The success of the Paris Aids congress demonstrates the worldwide awareness of this growing problem.

The congress, chaired by Prof. Jean-Claude Gluckman and Prof. Luc Montagnier, has been jointly organised with the World Health Organisation which has just published a report on Aids.

As of March 31, 1988, there were 50,000 Aids cases in Africa, 22,500 in the United States and 2,542 in the 17 European states in the West and the East) which are cooperating with a special centre set by WHO (altogether 29 countries are members of this centre, the latest to join being East Germany, Israel and Romania).

Since 1981, Aids cases have been increasing at an annual rate of 163 per cent in Europe. It is further thought that in North America, between 20 and 30 per cent of Aids-induced deaths are not reported as such for various sociopsychological reasons.

Aids has become the leading cause of death among men between the ages of 30 and 39 in New York City and the US Department of Health estimates that in five years the US will have 145,000 Aids cases (13,000 of them children) with 55,000 deaths a year, which is well above the

annual number of road deaths (46,000 in 1986). Up to March 31 this year, there were 707 Aids cases and 320 deaths from the disease; ten new cases of Aids are diagnosed every week. Most of those affected are homosexuals or bisexuals (68 per cent), but between 60 and 75 per cent of haemophiliacs have been infected through blood transfusions and 50

Over two thousand delegates last week attended the International Congress on Aids (Acquired Immunity Deficiency Syndrome) at the Palais des Congrès in Paris, which will be followed by a world congress on sexually transmissible diseases. The latest statistics show the extent and rate of growth of what has become one of the most worrying public health problems of this century.

Africa has 50,000 sufferers and two million others are carriers. In the United States, 22,500 people are suffering from Aids and between one and two million more carry the virus. Europe has a total of 2,542 Aids victims, with 707 of them in France — the worst affected European country — where 100,000 to 200,000 are carriers.

Far from being contained as had been hoped, the Aids epidemic is steadily expanding. Apparently no continent, not a single country in the world is free of the disease, which clearly came into being in this retrovirus which clearly came into being in the heart of the equatorial forest and whose destructive effects have been carried to the four corners of the earth as a result of sexual promiscuity and the intercontinental movement of people.

The US Department of Health estimates that in five years that country will have 145,000 Aids cases (13,000 of them young children) and that the death rate from Aids will be higher than the road accident toll. In Europe, the rate of increase of Aids cases has been 163 per cent in a year.

The extraordinarily high cost of treating Aids victims is a serious problem for all the nations concerned. Already in North America, it exceeds the aggregate cost of treating all other infectious diseases. It is evident that African countries will not be able to cope with a tragedy on such a scale which in these countries affects as many women and children as men. Given what some people are calling the "potential genocide" of black Africa, Western nations are toying with a project for offering substantial assistance which would presumably be channelled and channelled by the World Health Organisation. Funds obtained from the sale of Aids screening packs would apparently be used for this purpose.

If the plan materialises, it could put an end to the rivalry between the French and Americans who are engaged in a ludicrous fratricidal struggle in the face of a tragedy which should be mobilising all the resources of modern science.

per cent of drug addicts as a result of sharing syringes. Statistics provided by blood transfusion centres (which now routinely screen all donors for the virus) show there are between 100,000 and 200,000

By Dr Claudine Escoffier-Lembotte

French citizens who have been infected.

The number of infected persons in the United States is 2 million, and it is higher still in Africa where meagre health budgets for the moment rule out taking any protective screening measures. President Ronald Reagan recently gave \$2 million to WHO to help set up such preventive measures. This sum is equivalent to the income obtained from patents

on the screening tests — income which the French and the Americans are quarrelling over.

Apart from the physical and psychological suffering that the disease entails, its economic effects on the countries concerned are considerable.

A study of the first 10,000 cases reported in the United States shows that the cost of caring for them was as high as \$6.3 billion, and that they took up a total of 1.6 million hospital days, usually in intensive care units. Compared with this, the treatment of lung cancer in the US cost \$1.6 billion to quarter of the cost of Aids cases) and road accidents victims \$6.7 billion. By now the cost of Aids alone is equal to and has even overtaken the total US health budget for all other infectious

disorders. Ninety per cent of the Aids victims (and deaths) are aged between 20 and 49. "Never before," notes a young American housewife, "have we seen so many young subjects, up to then in good health, die so quickly without medicine — which we used to think was all-powerful — being able to do anything for them." And he urges that special training be given to resident doctors who have to cope with stress situations that are both technically and psychologically unprecedented.

It has also led to an unprecedented situation for underwriting firms and friendly societies whose representatives are also present in Paris. They also attended the two previous world conferences on Aids held in Atlanta and Brussels. Several of these companies (especially British firms) want to be able to demand proof that a future client has not had a positive test to the virus before agreeing to insure him. In view of the ethical protests this decision has raised, they are now considering the possibility of setting up a high-risk underwriting pool which would absorb the \$160,000 that an Aids victim costs on an average. (The amount represents only average hospitalisation costs. To this must be added treatment at home, medicines, costs of classifying the patient as an invalid and of course, life insurance.)

The sobering prospect of half a million Aids cases spread throughout Africa, America and Europe, not to mention the four to five million carriers (which proportion of them will actually develop the disease is unknown), justifies the extent of the scientific efforts being undertaken to hasten the development (if this should prove possible) both of a vaccine and an

Continued on page 14

WHEN he was President, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing used to keep saying that the French wanted to be governed "à la centre". He was even heard to say privately that it would be a "tragedy" if the Socialists did not enter the Majority — his Mitterrand — during his Presidency, all that.

The Socialists did nothing of the sort. But the fact remains, judged by the overall trend of opinion polls, which do indeed arrange themselves around the centre as if by magic. Even if the logic of Giscard d'Estaing, on an universal scale of eluding a vast majority of the French, to what attached, by that very fact, French are seen into two.

The result, but tends to see only the middle and simplicity in what is more the reflection of an immense richness with the civil war, whether it is good or verbal, of a growing scepticism about men and ideologies that really has too often contradicted, and of the conviction that only if we are united can we face squarely the challenges of a world less inclined than ever to make us any concessions. After all, wasn't this the spirit of the "coming together" that was tirelessly preached and extolled by De Gaulle who had no qualms about making ministers of state of such men as Maurice Thorez (Communist) in 1945 and Guy Mollet (Socialist) in 1957?

Cohabitation (power-sharing), such as it is practised today, is of course only an imitation of union. General de Gaulle held all the cards. The present diarchy can take no other course but refrain from bringing about a mutual erosion of the powers with which it is linked. As a result, it has to be said for it that it is curbing tendency ingrained in our history which so easily makes us ardent champions of one rival "ism" after another until the foreseeable defeat of one prompts us to rediscover the other's charms.

Five years ago, most French people thought they had found the answer to everything in socialism. They were going to wipe out unemployment, take the country into the modern era and, to cut a long story short, not modify society as Jacques Chaban-Delmas (under George Pompidou's Presidency) in his determined way attempted to do, but replace it with another. The disappointment was as great as the illusion, even if the Socialist government's conversion to the facts of running the country demonstrated there was an undeniable capacity for wise government within the left.

Liberalism is the fashion today. Its apostles had not always preached this gospel. Neither Giscard d'Estaing, nor Jacques Chirac nor Raymond Barre behaved in a particularly liberal fashion when they were in power. Apart from the fact that France did not wait for Colbert to become Colbertist, the character and ideas of these men were forged after the Liberation, that is, at a time when, in the light of the 1929

It's time for our leaders to adopt a little more humility

By André Fontaine

crisis and the terrible war it led to, the inadequacy of individualism and free movement was thought to be a self-evident truth. We knew very well it took Roosevelt's command policy and his National Recovery Act to lift the American people out of the despair in which they had let themselves be bogged down and put them in a condition to become the victors in 1945. It was clear that without the Marshall Plan and the Monnet Plan France would never have succeeded in rising up from its ruin. Keynes seemed to have quite definitely taken over from Adam Smith; Friedrich von Hayek was preaching in the desert and no one in Europe challenged the validity of a large-scale system of social protection.

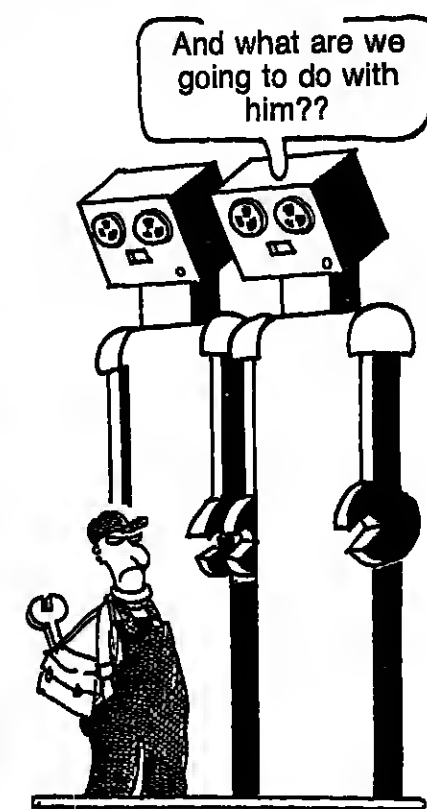
For the trend to reverse direction, it was not enough for the left to lose its main battle on employment, there had to be an alternative model. The present liberal fashion would be inconceivable without Reagan's success which has made people lose sight of the reverses suffered by another liberal, Margaret Thatcher. It is this same Reagan, whom scarcely anyone in France took seriously before his election, who has today become a practically infallible beacon for a segment of public opinion in this country.

But the core element that too many of our neo-liberals fail to take into consideration when they claim to be Reaganist is that his economic credo counts for less in his success than the media phenomenon he represents. After two decades of humiliations, the United States chose as their leader an all-round champion in the communications field, a winner, a Tapie (Bernard Tapie, a bustling entrepreneur who has made a name for himself by taking over ailing companies and turning them around), a political Rambo whose looks have in no way been marred by his age. What he symbolises primarily is national pride, and with him the reconciliation of a whole nation which needs to believe in its "manifest destiny", in its capacity for pushing back ever farther the frontiers of its ambitions.

It is this ambition, this reformed pride, this confidence in the President which is at the heart of the American recovery, as much as an admittedly necessary dereliction but which alone would not have succeeded in helping a discouraged people to take off. It is in their name that the American State, liberal though it may be, has passed on orders to the armaments and space sectors, orders which have been instrumental in reactivating production. But the Challenger tragedy as well as recent setbacks with rocket launchers are there to show that

combining the two mainsprings of national ambition and freedom of enterprise is not enough to automatically give a competitive edge in the rivalry with a system, as incredibly bureaucratic and cumbersome as that of the USSR, which has quite clearly forged ahead in the space race. And if people do still speak of the Strategic Defence Initiative, so as not to upset Reagan, is there anyone who still believes it will ever provide the United States with that impenetrable shield it was supposed to deploy in space?

There are a good many other shortcomings on the other side of the Reaganist picture — the inadequacy of social protection; the impoverishment of too many poor people; substantial unemploy-



Drawing by Plantu.

ment among Blacks; illiteracy; crime, which restoring the death penalty is not preventing from reaching proportions far in excess of ours; the budget deficit (when he was

running for the Presidency, Reagan promised to go back to balanced budgets) and a foreign trade deficit which for the first time in this century has turned the United States into a net debtor nation; and even more, of course, the enormous indebtedness of client states, like Mexico; this is the real Damocles' sword hanging over the entire world economy.

Recalling these facts, which the apostles of liberalism are rather too apt to lose sight of, does not mean pleading for a return to yesterday's illusions. It is merely a warning against the illusions that are so frequently expressed today. Less government, less regulation, less bureaucracy? Why, of course, which Socialists would not agree with that? More incentives to private initiative? Certainly. But, all the same, let's not throw the baby out with the bathwater. Let's not lose sight of the fact that in a country as centralised as ours, with an administration whose influence and cohesion have only been further strengthened by the existence of the ENA (École Nationale d'Administration, which turns out the State's super civil servants) — which has never before been so extensively represented in the government as it is today — the State has nearly always played a key role in providing direction and dynamism to the economy, not to mention research, in which by some tragic peculiarity it appears to be less and less interested. Even the most liberal entrepreneurs are the first to look to the State when they do not know where else to turn.

There is something else. Not everybody is like that, and surely not Jacques Chirac nor his Minister of Social Affairs (Philippe Seguin), but too many of our new leaders appear to have a pretty heavy idea of what life is like in the world today for the unemployed, the poor, the spurned, the humiliated and the down-and-outs. Let them not forget that the advances made by European society over the last 100 years consisted primarily of better defending the weak against the powerful, even if such protection occasionally did take discouraging and even ridiculous turns.

In this area, there are gestures which have a symbolic value. The wealth tax was admittedly ill-conceived, and the requirement of preliminary administrative authorisation for laying off staff obviously did not encourage hiring. But were there not more urgent priorities than doing away with both these? The negative reaction brought to light by opinion polls is significant on this point. Opinion would be more tragic, not only for the experiment now under way but for the notion, then to give the impression that one social class, whose privileges were at one time under threat, is seeking revenge on another, and that money will once again have the final say in everything, including the media. Unfortunately, it is not by rushing to forget and forgive people who flouted tax regulations or the ban on taking capital out of the country that this impression is going to be corrected.

(June 26)

By Frank Nouchi

subject for nearly five years by leading African governments was going to be broken. "The significance of the Aids problem in Africa hasn't still been clearly grasped for several reasons, the principal one being the willful or unwitting indifference shown by some countries towards Aids."

In spite of that, explained Dr Kapita, it was possible to get some idea of the infection's real impact. "East Africa (Kenya, Rwanda, Uganda) and more southerly parts of the continent (Zambia, Malawi) show a high frequency — from 8 to 23 per cent — compared with the central and western part of Africa (Zaire, Congo, Central Africa, Senegal) where the frequency varies between 4 and 8 per cent." On the whole, he added, "the sero-positive frequency for Aids in general is

around 8 per cent." This means that six out of 100 Africans have already been infected by the virus. In Kinshasa, for example, out of a population of 3 million, 128,000 people have so far been infected and are thus contagious.

As for the number who will subsequently develop clinically recognised Aids, Dr Kapita admitted it was difficult to make a precise calculation, but thought that between 10 and 20 per cent of asymptomatic sero-positive cases would go on to develop Aids within a year.

This hidden or latent epidemic poses a threat mostly to women with several male partners, the men they have sexual relations with, poor people, people who have received blood transfusions from unknown donors, and children exposed to heavy or accidental infection. Aids is an urban disease and in Africa it affects as many men (average age 34) as women (average age 29). In the Rwandan capital of Kigali 15 per cent of the population is sero-positive. The corresponding figure for Kinshasa is 8.5 per cent.

In certain high-risk groups, the figures go very high. According to

Dr Kapita, 89 per cent of the prostitutes in Kigali are sero-positive; the corresponding figures are 59 per cent for Nairobi and 27 per cent for Kinshasa.

African Aids is clinically different from Western Aids. It is distinguished in particular by some common symptoms such as weight loss, fever and diarrhoea.

Another point raised by Dr Kapita was the origins of the disease. "The origins of the causal agent are unknown," he said, "but we think the causal agent was introduced or emerged around 1976." That said, there is nothing to show that Africa is the cradle of Aids.

Dr Kapita's paper was a bombshell, particularly as he was speaking without the authorisation of Zaire's Health Ministry.

(June 26)

Le Monde

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The Washington Post

Congress Votes For Surrogate War On Nicaragua

WASHINGTON — The U.S. House of Representatives in effect declared limited, surrogate war on Nicaragua's leftist Sandinista government last week, voting to give President Reagan the funding, the tools and the political support he has been seeking for four years. The 221-to-208 decision, almost certain to be ratified by the Senate in July, was appropriately narrow for an issue that has split the nation's policymakers as have few others since Vietnam. But it came clearly, after bitter, lengthy and excruciatingly detailed debate, and it provided a wholesale commitment.

No one contends that \$100 million in new aid will give the counter-revolutionaries, or the rebels' military victory over the Sandinistas or bring peace to the region. The question is whether the House vote will be the turning point that ends the fundamental policy debate, as did Congress's 1984 decision to aid President Jose Napoleon Duarte of nearby El Salvador. U.S. interest in El Salvador now focuses on whether the

policy is working, rather than on what the policy should be. Whether that will be the case in Nicaragua appears to hang on the contras' military performance after military aid starts on September 1.

The House agreed that Reagan may use the Central Intelligence Agency, the Defense Department and any other agency he pleases to provide the contras with \$70 million in arms, training, transport and advice and \$30 million in food, clothing and medicine. Democratic nations in the region will receive \$800 million in economic aid, and all of it will be subject to strict — but confidential — accounting practices.

There were all-night parties in the rebels' jungle camps, while squabbling contra factions here found common cause and embraced. With Congress committed, they felt themselves becoming an irresistible force. In a year, "we will be seeing cracks in the Sandinista structure," predicted Alfonso Robelo, one of three top contra leaders. The Sandinistas responded by

swearing to become an immovable object. They retaliated, closing down the only critical newspaper and vowing resolute defiance to U.S. demands. "To war you respond with war," President Daniel Ortega declared.

To win, administration officials had to overcome critics' charges that the contras were puppets of the CIA, hopelessly divided, inept and leaderless; that they were corrupt and involved in drug traffic, and that they had committed major human rights violations that cost them popular support. After lengthy negotiations, contra leaders announced unity and said their ranks were open to all, such as Eden "Commander Zero" Posada, who have so far refused to join. They promised to hold a leadership selection convention.

The administration issued a point-by-point rebuttal of House Foreign Affairs subcommittee charges that contra aid might

have been diverted, and Senate Republican leaders promised a vote on whether to use subpoenas to probe other, more serious allegations of drug trafficking and gun-running.

The contras set up their own human rights office. The new aid will provide funds for that office, a congressional bipartisan monitoring commission, a six-member accounting team and military training that stresses human rights. Rebel leaders insisted they welcome all congressional investigation and will be open to media scrutiny, and they said that despite the lack of U.S. military aid for more than two years, their ranks have swelled to nearly 20,000.

The administration also had to deal with U.S. public opinion polls that show 62 percent opposed to contra aid and supporting negotiations instead. Two weeks before the House vote, the Contadora peace talks, approaching and withdrawing from a treaty agreement with little-like regularity, broke down spectacularly. Latin demo-

Administration Dismisses Decision

By Jonathan Karp

THE REAGAN administration dismissed the World Court's ruling that the United States violated international law by supporting rebels fighting the Nicaraguan government. "Today's opinion demonstrates what we have stated all along: the court is simply not equipped to deal with a case of this nature involving complex facts and intelligence information," State Department spokesman Charles Redman said on the basis of a preliminary review of the ruling.

"Nicaragua is engaged in a substantial, unprovoked and unlawful use of force against its neighbors," Redman told reporters. "The United States has assisted the victims' response to Nicaragua's intervention."

White House spokesman Larry Speakes said President Reagan "wouldn't have any comment" on the ruling now, and officials said the State Department would handle the U.S. response.

On the possibility that the court would order the United States to pay damages to Managua, Redman said, "The court's decisions are not self-enforcing. It doesn't have the power to order anything." Any effort to enforce the ruling would have to go through the United Nations Security Council, where the United States has a veto power.

Senator Charles McC. Mathias, R-Md., a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was quoted as saying, "I view the decision with concern and some sadness. The United States has historically supported the world court, even helping to create it." He advised Reagan to "read the opinion."

International law experts were divided over whether the ruling cast the United States or the court in the worst light. "The United States loses ground even if the judges were completely wacky," John Lawrence Hargrova, execu-

tive director of the American Society of International Law, told United Press International.

At the Nicaraguan embassy, Ambassador Carlos Tunnerman Bernheim hailed the decision and said it would undermine the administration's efforts to support the rebels, which was reinvigorated when the House passed Reagan's \$100 million contra aid package. The ambassador was joined by two American lawyers who, as part of Nicaragua's legal team, announced Nicaragua would ask for more than \$1 billion in damages.

Although the World Court has no power to enforce its decisions, the lawyers, Harvard Law Professor Abram Chayes and Washington attorney Paul Reichler, said the decision will validate Nicaragua's claim for monetary compensation for deaths and injuries, property destroyed, and damage to the economy.

U.S. Ends Security Guarantees to N. Zealand

By Don Oberdorfer

MANILA — The United States is withdrawing its security umbrella from New Zealand because of its refusal to accept port calls by nuclear-armed U.S. warships, Secretary of State George P. Shultz said last week. "We part as friends but we part company as far as the alliance is concerned," said Shultz to New Zealand Prime Minister David Lange after a 40-minute meeting that tried but failed to resolve deepening differences over the meaning of the 1951 ANZUS treaty.

The action was prompted by impending parliamentary action in New Zealand to put into law its ban on nuclear-armed or nuclear-powered ships. Lange, whose New Zealand Labor Party has taken an unyielding anti-nuclear position since coming to power in July 1984, predicted the U.S. action would have a "short and spectacular" effect at home.

New Zealanders will ask whether they are now subject to Soviet attack without anyone coming to their defense, Lange said. He suggested the answer is that nothing much has changed, saying that ANZUS was "the ultimate cop-out treaty" because it only called for consultations in case of military threat and did not guarantee protection.

U.S. officials said no immediate changes in fleet operations are expected because the U.S. Navy will no longer be protecting New Zealand; no Soviet threat is in sight. "The people of New Zealand are not afraid," without U.S. defense, declared Lange. "They don't see a nuclear weapons defense of New Zealand as a security assurance — they don't see being defended by nuclear weapons as any sort of assurance."

The refusal of New Zealand to accept U.S. nuclear warships, which rarely call at its ports anyway, has been taken seriously rather than as a petty irritation primarily because the Reagan administration fears that the anti-nuclear policy could spread, unless

firmly rebuffed. In February 1985, following New Zealand's firm refusal to accept a proposed naval port call unless Washington indicated whether the ship was carrying nuclear weapons, nearly all joint exercises, intelligence sharing, and other military cooperation was halted by Washington. "The United States has long refused to confirm or deny whether its ships carry nuclear weapons."

Shultz, of a press conference to conclude two days of meetings with Southeast Asian and Pacific community states, said New Zealand's nuclear ship ban had withdrawn an "essential element" of its participation in the ANZUS treaty alliance. "In the light of this, the United States considers that the treaty, at least as it has been understood, doesn't apply in the sense of the responsibility of the United States to extend its security responsibility to New Zealand," Shultz said.

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End of the world

by Ed

END OF THE WORLD, by An-Breytenbach, £12.95. A literary tour de force by a South African writer, the author of *And the Winner is...* and *My Country, My Country*. The book is a collection of pieces and papers written for conferences and journals between 1967 and 1985.

He is restless about them, a poet uneasy about being polemical: he gives them titles that might be those of poems (Language as the Random Thought of Camels, Keep Clear of the Medi). He says they are repetitive, as they are. He points out that "if you forget the high-flying phrases, which hide the real issues... we are down to kitchen gossip." He wonders if that can interest outsiders. "It ought to, you know. Apartheid is an export product."

He looks at the possibility that he has set himself up as a minor prophet, or that what drives him is that he "can't stand not being Black". He detects the noise of the wheels of a "Breytenbach bandwagon". Few writers were ever more intent on challenging any reader tempted to admire him.

Perhaps a reviewer should be no less disinterested. But I finished the book feeling tremendous gratitude. End Papers does two things: it cries out, with various kinds of eloquence, against the

infamy of what is happening in South Africa, and it keeps the protestor hoping — whether it be the author, whose protest has included nine years in prison, or the reader, who may be sitting comfortably "where Soweto deaths are merely news items".

In fact, deeply and urgently instructive as to South Africa, the book is also a pointer to the way in which any of us might manage such dangerous charges of moral and political indignation as we carry about with us. Asking himself what the exile and prophet might do, he says: keep up the noise level, keep an uncivil tongue in the head, project the feel of thinking (his own special gift) — the severed head on the jacket seems stunned with thought, and refuse to knuckle down to oversimplification.

The political analysis is hard and informed: the chilling core of it, his belief that the strategy of the South African Government "is a military one — apparently incoherent and sensitive to pressure — but in fact with clear goals and a timetable".

Fiercely funny (especially about journalists and "the nothingness-makers"), taking in its stride some rnrly brilliant travel notes, End Papers offers half a dozen wonderfully stirring phrases. Among them one defining the business of the exile: "He must bark all along the borders." But perhaps the most important point he makes is specifically a poet's, made again and again: that the worst agony remains "a contribution to human experience".

Breytenbach quotes a conclusion of a UNESCO meeting in the 70s: that colonialism "deprived humanity for centuries of the Third World's contribution to universal culture". The literary loss can be measured by evidence of the literary gain offered by Rood and Breytenbach, drawing from the ten countries of Southern Africa. Read the poetry of Mzizi Kunene or Mongae Serote, and mourn for what is not being written.

By P. J. Kavanagh

thing. He eeds a whole section — the placing could not be more dramatic — with a description of the non-success of Chesterton's marriage-night, drawn from a source that all recent biographers regard as questionable and one (Dudley Barker) thinks demonstrably false.

Mrs Cecil Chesterton, in 1941, described how "the woman he worshipped shrank from his touch and screamed when he embraced her." Lurid stuff, Mrs Cecil did not care much for Mrs G. K. She goes on to suggest that her brother-in-law's marriage was always like that, which is unlikely because, years later, when no longer for children's sake, Frances Chesterton underwent an unsuccessful operation hoping to make this possible.

Whatever their private difficulties, Frances, blamed by money for dragging her husband from Fleet Street to decorous Beaconsfield, should be praised for giving him an opportunity to retire inside his mind. There is a tale, new to me, of his absent-mindedness. He aploshed so much in his bath that the housemaid always hovered, to mop up after him. One morning she heard him get out of the bath and then a huge splash as he re-entered it. "Damn it," she heard him say, "I've been here before."

That is the story of a man composing in his head the sentences he is about to go down stairs and write. That is the only way he could have written so much and so quickly.

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Ratham for boys

By Vic Marks

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME. The story of a very special year, by Frank Keating (Collins Willow, £10.95).

THE GUARDIAN has developed a sound tradition of employing writers sympathetic to the cricketers' lot. John Arlott, as President of the Cricketers' Association, has often demonstrated his concern and compassion at our union as well as in print. And last winter Matthew Engel was less hysterical than most during the Caribbean campaign (though I must voice a reservation here since he once defined the English winter as a time "when, somewhere in the sun-blessed old empire, someone is hitting Vic Marks for six"). Having read *High, Wide and Handsome*, a recollection of Ian Botham's six-hitting jamboree of 1985, I can now add Frank Keating's name to the list. But it emerges from the book that I'm not the only one who approves of Guardian correspondents, for we learn the startling fact that there are some cricket writers whom Ian admires greatly and his list "always starts with John Arlott".

This is the more surprising since I've rarely spotted Leo marching into the dressing room with a Guardian tucked under his arm. He usually prefers to see what he's written in the Sun. However, I'm certain that the jottings of Mosers Engel, Selwyn and Keating would find him nodding agreement rather than more vigorously than those on the editorial pages.

Frank Keating travelled with Ian on the traumatic West Indies tour of 1980-1 and witnessed his attempts as captain to overcome the devastation caused by Ken Barrington's death, the Jackman affair, out to mention Marshall, Holding, Garner, and Roberts. There he saw Ian stretched to his limits, sometimes they occupied neighbouring bar stools into the early hours to try to make sense of it all.

Keating recognises that sportsmen are men not machines: they are sensitive, vulnerable, and flawed: that's probably why he likes them. Not that he is anxious to concentrate on Botham's flaws. Plenty of other journalists have done that, though he does acknowledge that he can appear "boorish, aggravating, aggressive, mulishly stubborn, and very short-fused". Many friends have charged him thus. By the same token they have never once hesitated to marvel at his loyalty, generosity, courage, or sportsmanship. All true. Ian has never claimed to be an angel, but



Ian Botham — 'awesome power of his hitting'

his sheer zest for life demands affection.

One of his attractions is that he obviously needs company and friendship whether it be Australian Test captain Alan Border, Elton John or down-to-earth county keeper Trevor Gard — "It wouldn't be the same if Trevor wasn't next to me, cup of tea steaming, his trusty old pipe blowing smoke as he churns over the phrasing of his latest and usually useless words of wisdom."

One of the difficulties of writing a book about Botham is that it's so quickly out of date, but never mind: there will be three more by the end of the year. No such problem with the likes of Dennis Amies: you just add another 1,800 runs to his career aggregate while the printers are at work.

However, Botham's life moves more swiftly. For instance Tim Hudson (an unlikely charmer, way out and not in, a "one-off larkey hedonist" and "a family friend as well as an agent and manager") has disappeared from the scene, and instead of hurtling in at Gaveaker these days, Ian is probably bowling at his eight-year-old Liam — a world of difference even if these two adversaries are the same height.

Alec Ian's assessment of the Ashes winning side — "This lot make up the best English side I've

ever played with" — no longer tallies with current Fleet Street opinion. I'm not even sure if PBH is that confident.

Nonetheless *High, Wide and Handsome* has a lasting worth as a celebration of Botham, the Boy's Own hero on the cricket field. It's a book that will follow cricketers from Richard Hadlee to last year's schoolboy debutant Jonathan Atkinson. All are fulsome in their praise of the man and the awesome power of his hitting.

In between, Frank Keating has lovingly and entertainingly filled in the details to produce a record "for any great grandchild to digest." He places Botham as the cricketing colossus of his age, just as Grace and Bradman were in theirs and few of us can argue with that.

In the 21st century, when we're grumpily bemoaning England's middle order we'll be able to take refuge in Keating's tribute and the humiliation of the Australians. However, I confess that the Somerset sections of the book left me rather confused, for as Ian strides out at Taunton in 1985 to smash another century against Marshall or Lever I keep expecting Somerset to win, but we never do.

Escape artist

By Norman Shrapnel

THE BEST OF DEAR BILL, by Richard Ingrams and John Wells (Deutsch/Pravda, £7.95).

NUMBER TEN is never safe from liquid invasion. Once a canal ran through it; now it's a wet fairway to the 19th hole, with any number of minor escape-channels contrived by the Prime Minister's consort to reach his numerous waterlog places.

Such, at least, is the scenario presented by Ingrams and Wells in *The Best of Dear Bill*, in which the collected Denis Thatcher letters gurgle from the source. In Private Eye like a burn diligently seeking its distillery.

Does the thing work in concentration form? I expected the reiteration of a single joke to grow as wearisome as a saloon-bar mono-

logue, but the necessary meanderism surprisingly takes hold.

The Thatcher story acquires that heroic stamp of an escape saga. He is in a prison camp — has been for years, just how many years comes as a shock to the reader, arousing a touch of Hesse-like sympathy. Chained to Superwoman he is a kind of Super-victim; with more experience than any of us of the "long years under the Iron Heel".

The last major chance of escape was in 1953, but the Conservative election triumph was disaster for poor Denis, duly sentenced to an extra five years. For this he can't forgive Michael Foot and must now, with determined hopefulness, pio his trust on Kinnock or Steel. The detail, as the long-term prisoner makes repeated efforts to break out of his personal Colditz, is

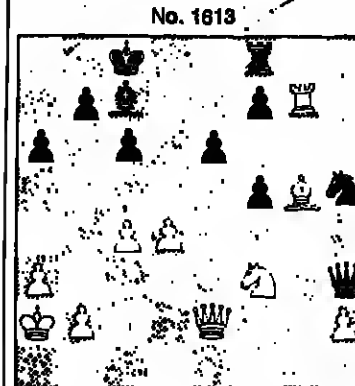
often hilarious. Not through the bars but to the bars is the best he can achieve. Well, it's something.

The idiom, astonishingly well integrated for a fork-tongued exercise such as this, is a brilliantly concocted from what seems to be a mixed jargon of army, clubhouse and the more backward sort of public school, together with such corrective therapy as may be provided by "aix of the best from the Bona".

It has appropriated a dialect, suggesting Wodehouse without the innocence. Unbroken by inhibition it is a style that can lurch from the funny to the nasty in mid-sentence. Three-letter words, abouss, wops and wogs and pips and yobs, few will be complaining. Clever licence, or a touch of the new, virulent British disease, ingraining snobbery? Anyway, who's talking?

Chess

By Lgoriard Barden



En. Laskar v. Nimzovitsch, St. Petersburg 1914. Laskar, world champion for 27 years, was renowned for his competitive defence in difficult positions. Here as White (to play) he was a pawn down with his rook threatened. Should he continue with (e) 1 R-R7 (b) 1 B-K7 or (c) e different move?

Solution No. 1912

While K at Q8, R at K8, B at K4, Black K at Q2, P at K7 and K8. Can White win?
1 B-B5 ch K-Q1 2 R-Q4 ch K-K2 3 R-K4 ch K-Q1 4 B-Q7 (not 4 R-P2 P-Q5 R-Q4 stalemate) P-Q (K8 5 R-P2 5 B-N5 end 6 R-K8 mate. Not 1 B-B8 ch? K-Q3 2 R-Q4 ch K-K4 3 R-K4 ch K-Q3 4 R-P2 P-Q 5 R-Q4 stalemate.

ANATOLY KARPOV's claims as the greatest chess tournament player of this or any generation were boosted once more last month by his clear-cut victory at the category 16 (2627) Bugojno double-round event in Yugoslavia. Karpov scored 8½/14 followed by Ljubojevic and Sokolov 7½, Portisch and Spassky 7, Mitas and Yusupov 6½, Timman 5½. The world champion lost early on to Sokolov but later won four games. Tony Miles, well placed of half-way, laded.

Both Karpov and Kasperov are true demonstrators in peak form for this month's world title match which starts at the Park Lane Hotel, London, on July 28, with play each Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Faint roar (E20) and middle row (E10) seats are bookable in advance from American Express, 19/20 Bazaar Street, London W1 (01-837 8800), who also offer package tours to overseas visitors. Rear seats at £3 will be available only on the day of play at the venue.

The Bugojno organisers set out to create the strongest tournament ever and judged on FIDE ratings alone may

well have done so. But ratings aren't everything: the legendary Dutch AVRO tournament of 1938, also an eight-man double-rounder, averaged about 2805. Yet there were only 16 decisive games. In Yugoslavia as against 24 in Holland: Portisch, Sokolov and the tazy Spassky managed between them 38/42 draws. With its imbalance of Russians and East Europeans, Bugojno peters out in the second half (75 per cent draws) once Karpov had a clear lead. AVRO is still remembered for its personalities and its incidents: Fines start of 5½/6, Botvinnik's brilliancy against Capablanca, Alekhine's workout on Capa's 50th birthday party, Reshevsky's time scrambles, victory for the modest young Keles, it seems unlikely that chess historians will assess Bugojno 1986, for all its FIDE points, as 'matching' the status of that onarismatic Dutch event.

Anatoly Karpov (USSR) — Boris Spassky (France) Ruy Lopez (Bugojno 1986) 1 P-K4 P-K4 2 N-KB3 N-QB3 3 B-N5 P-KN3

Smyslov made this move respectable at grandmaster level, and Spassky has adopted it occasionally too. Here, however, it quickly transposes into the more orthodox Steinitz Defence. De- tained.
4 B-P3 P-QR3 5 B-R4 P-Q3 6 P-Q4 B-Q2 7 Q-Q2 B-N2 8 R-K1 KN-K2 9 B-K3 O-O 10 Q-N2 Q-K1

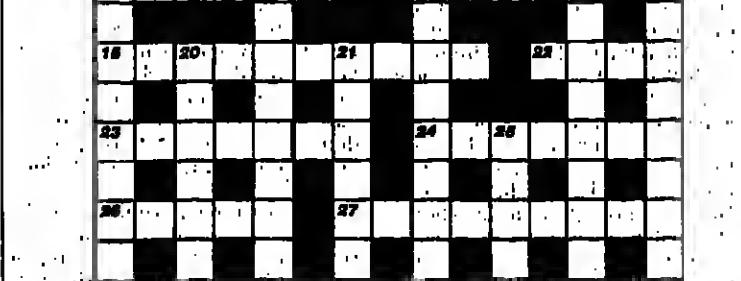
Book is P-F3 and K-R2, strengthening the defences. Spassky does this anyway. A few moves later, and his N-QP threat is easily stopped.
11 B-N3 P-N3 12 P-P P-P 13 N-B4 K-R1 14 Q-B1 B-N5 15 N-N6 P-B3 16 P-KR3 P-Q2 17 N-B3 K-R2 18 P-QR4 P-B4

Faced with typically Karpovian in- dious prassura, Black goes for active counterplay, but the tactics favour White. Perhaps best is to manoeuvre behind his fortress by Q-N1.
19 P-P P-P 20 N-KP1 N-Q3 21 N-KN B-N 22 B-RP B-Q7

Here B-B3 looks better, stopping White's next mate threat which reigns all the material.
23 Q-N4 Q-N3 24 R-N ch B-R 25 Q-B ch K-B 26 Q-B P-B5

White has two pawns for the ex- change with the BK open, so conced- ing a third pawn is hopeless. He had to try QR-B1 27 R-K8 K-R-Q1.
27 Q-P Q-R1 28 R-Q1 R-B3 29 K-R2 P-R4 30 R-Q4 R1-KB1 31 R-Q7 R-QB3 32 Q-K5 Q-B3 33 Q-Q8 R-B4 34 Q-K4 R-Ng5

Both Q-B4 35 Q-K7 or R-B4 35 B-B2 put the BK in a mating net.



ACROSS
6. Grouped welcomes one: end about time! (9)
10. Weather forecast address him! (9)
11. Arrive with a companion; the first woman? (7)
12. Judges' collieage (4)
13. Nymphal backchat (4)
14. Provisional soldiers (10)
15. Form him after a month ago? (7)

Bridge

By Rixl Markus

AN interesting feature of the Denmark versus Israel match in the Philip Morris Europa Cup Final this year was that there were three consecutive boards near the start of the match on which 6D could be made. This was Board 2, dealt by East with North-South vulner- able.

NORTH
♦ A 8
♦ A Q 10 9
♦ A 10 8 2
♦ A 6 4
WEST
♦ J 5 3
♦ J 7 3
♦ K J 8 7 2

EAST
♦ K 8 7 6 4
♦ 8 7 4 2
♦ 8 5 4
♦ 5
SOUTH
♦ Q 10 5 3 2
♦ K 6
♦ K Q 8
♦ Q 10 3

When Denmark held the North-South cards, the bidding was as follows:
East South West North
NB 18 3C(1) Dble(2)
NB 3D(3) NB 8D
NB NB NB

(1) A weak jump overcall. Such bids always seem suicidal to me: for all West knows, he might lose 1,100 when the opponents have no slam.
(2) Negative, showing good values.
(3) South was rather stuck for a bid, for he did not fancy rebidding his feeble spade suit.

West led a trump against 8D, and declarer won in the closed hand and played a spade to the ace. When the jack appeared from West, South drew trumps ending in dummy and led the nine of spades. East could not elude to win this trick without making twelve tricks very easy to come by, so the nine of spades was allowed to hold. Declarer now turned his attention to the heart suit, and he was able to cash four tricks in the suit when the jack appeared in three rounds. This left the following position:

NORTH
♦ —
♦ 10
♦ A 6 4
WEST
♦ —
♦ —
♦ K J 8 6

1. B. Drunk? So how would the ale hit you, mate? Lord! Keep your counsel (3, 3, 3, 2, 4, 2, 4, 1, 6, 2)
2. 21, 5, 17, down. George's plea, taling was: "Hi-hi! Water! ter! held. Dam it! sil!" (4, 4, 5, 1, 4, 2, 4, 4)
3. Man? I'll say! (4)
4. Time to call 4, 12! (6)
5. See 2.
6. Like JFK, this citizen might be on both sides in about-turn (6)
7. Th-hope-dog thoundth like 26 (6)
8. See 1.
9. Men in the street might use gin without a stiffener (3, 5)
10. See 2.
11. Bloody nearly unique (4, 4)
12. Aversion of English born with German yen (6)
13. See 2.
14. Springs to mind like Alice's place (4)

DOWN
1. B. Drunk? So how would the ale hit you, mate? Lord! Keep your counsel (3, 3, 3, 2, 4, 2, 4, 1, 6, 2)
2. 21, 5, 17, down. George's plea, taling was: "Hi-hi! Water! ter! held. Dam it! sil!" (4, 4, 5, 1, 4, 2, 4, 4)
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10. See 2.
11. Bloody nearly unique (4, 4)
12. Aversion of English born with German yen (6)
13. See 2.
14. Springs to mind like Alice's place (4)

West's revealing bidding made it easy for South to read the end position correctly: he played a small club to the ten and jack, and West was forced to concede the contract by returning a club from the king at trick 11.
At the other table, the Israeli North-South pair reached 6D played by North, and declarer went three down after an original club lead by East.
On Board 3 of the match, the East-West cards were as follows:

WEST
♦ A K Q
♦ A K 3
♦ 10 8 7 6 2
♦ 5
EAST
♦ 2
♦ 8 4 2
♦ 8 4 3
♦ A K J 9 7 5

Both East-West pairs in the match reached 6D, which made when the adverse trumps broke 2-2. As on the previous board, however, 6NT would have been a better contract, in that it gives the declarer two chances: he can duck a diamond before cashing the ace, intending to tell back on the club finesse if the diamonds fail to break. Finally, this was Board 4, dealt by West at game off.

NORTH
♦ A K 5 4
♦ A Q J
♦ Q 7 6 3
♦ 8 2
EAST
♦ Q J 10 8 8 2
♦ 10 8 3
♦ A
♦ 9 4 3

THE LAKE DISTRICT: From the top of Place Fell, when sunshine and cheering cloud shadows sculpture the Helvellyn ridge, the western view can be quite out- standing — even for Lakeland. The fell is the only height I can recall from which you get a close picture of parallel valleys climbing to high mountains, the dales scooped into saucer-like hollows below circling ridges. All these side-valleys, from Dovedale to Goubarrow, are seen across the curving reaches of Ullswater with the houses, farms and hotels of Patterdale and Glaisdridge look- ing like toys 2,000 feet below.

The other day, from the summit, you could watch cars going through the village, the lake "steamer" pulling into the pier and on this evening. They say in white sails of white dotted across the water like drowsy butterflies. Tiny handkerchiefs of snow — the last of the long winter — still clung to the high east faces of

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♦ A
♦ 9 4 3

THE LAKE DISTRICT: From the top of Place Fell, when sunshine and cheering cloud shadows sculpture the Helvellyn ridge, the western view can be quite out- standing — even for Lakeland. The fell is the only height I can recall from which you get a close picture of parallel valleys climbing to high mountains, the dales scooped into saucer-like hollows below circling ridges. All these side-valleys, from Dovedale to Goubarrow, are seen across the curving reaches of Ullswater with the houses, farms and hotels of Patterdale and Glaisdridge look- ing like toys 2,000 feet below.

The other day, from the summit, you could watch cars going through the village, the lake "steamer" pulling into the pier and on this evening. They say in white sails of white dotted across the water like drowsy butterflies. Tiny handkerchiefs of snow — the last of the long winter — still clung to the high east faces of

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Jones the tennis

RED years ago a daisy d on the centre court. At that is the story. Wimbledon is making much of the centenary, it is concentrating on putting on a show in keeping with its traditions.

The standard had been set from the start. After the second championship, in 1875, The Field commented the "large extent of really true turf, a false bound being quite a rarity". This is why a delay caused such a stir — not that The Field confirms the tale; but it published a letter from Herbert Chipp, later the Lawn Tennis Association's first secretary, drawing attention to the condition of the centre court: "There was enough grass to furnish a goodly crop of hay, the clover heads showing distinctly..."

A legend, like the clover which momentarily threatened it, was already growing. Today Wimbledon is like Easter with its golden numbers, a fixed festival in the calendar. It starts six Mondays back from the first Monday in August; the dates of the

produce a recurrence of critical points. If Walsh was the pioneer, Jones polished and perfected. Jones's attention to detail was phenomenal. His analysis of the first championship showed odds of five to three on the server winning the game, "which is a great deal too much". He also timed matches. By the second year the scheduling had been amended, to accommodate players working in town in the morning, and to let everyone get back to town in time for dinner at eight.

An average game took a few seconds over two minutes. In the 1833 final Crawford beat Vines in little more than two hours for 68 games. That is half the time Connors took to beat McEnroe in 64 games in the 1982 final. A game takes almost five minutes now. No wonder the tie-break was needed.

As the game was feeling its way, nothing was too much trouble for Jones and nothing too trivial. Alongside debates on the major issues like service domination, the desirability of volleying and the height of the net, "his paper" catered also for the man on the

By Jeremy Alexander

championships may be worked out into the next century and for ever. In 1877 the players had only 30 days' notice.

The announcement was in The Field, the main sporting journal of the day. The editor, John Henry Welsh, was secretary of the All England Club; the cards correspondent, Henry Jones, was referee and the journal gave a challenge cup. Entrance was a guinea — now it is £40, though nothing for women — and 22 men entered. Women, still called ladies by Wimbledon, were not included until 1884.

Tennis was moving fast. It was first mentioned in The Field in 1874. Sir Gerald Fitzgerald reported seeing a new game called tennis, rather as readers then and now might record the spotting of a black-tailed godwit in Cornwall. In three years the game went from tentative invention to careful formulation and in its championship which has never been surpassed in the world. In the process croquet, far which the club had been founded in 1868, was huffed into the bushes.

It is salutary how quickly lawn tennis was licked into shape. Cricket and rugby have constantly tinkered with their rules and scoring. Tennis got them right almost from the start, guided by simplicity. Remarkably, for instance, the racket had no definition in the rules for a century. A player could use a sieve or a frying pan if he liked. Functional considerations were sufficient until, in 1878, Michael Fishbach appeared with a racket incorporating a double pattern nail depth of strings which sent the ball into conjuring tricks. The International Tennis Federation, surprised to find no mention of rackets when referring to their rules, introduced one to outlaw this humbugging instrument and followed up by putting upper limits on the racket's dimensions.

Jones, effectively the game's first administrator, is largely responsible for its simple construction and order. The scoring is a masterpiece, perfectly shaped to

vicarage lawn whose "balls lost their spring in winter". "Bake them for a few minutes in a quick oven", was the advice, "first whitening them over with leather breeches paste".

A rubber ball which bounced on grass was the breakthrough which made lawn tennis feasible, following the invention of the mow in 1830. This covering and consistency of bounce exercised committee minds. Jones weighed and gauged the championship balls personally. Others had homelier problems, like marking them against misappropriation (every club had its flichers and its fust-pot) and keeping them clean. For the latter, The Field recommended a stiff brush, whitewash and, when dry, a good sheking in a trouncing net. In the 1880s, an object like a coffee-mill was devised for huffing them clean in an alcoholic solution of soap, six at a time.

In its embryonic stages the game spawned a number of ingenious implements and ideas, some daff, but many taken up later. Little in the game today was not thought of in the first few years. Coloured balls, introduced by Wimbledon this year though not new of course, are older than the championships: a recipe for red balls was given in 1878: "take a 8d bottle of Judson's dye..." and so on. Wood served best for rackets until the last few years but steel is not new. It was mooted in 1882. Even when it caught on, there was a problem with vibration which had to be damped to reduce the incidence of tennis elbow.

Tennis elbow was itself identified in 1881. The first sufferer wrote that his pained, rubbing with brandy, had failed. The editor, a doctor, advised a liniment made up of equal parts of turpentine, linseed oil, spirit of turpentine and soap liniment. Today the wonga of tennis is handled on hire purchase — play now, pay later. This is the age of the pinkkiller.

• The Field Story of Wimbledon by Jeremy Alexander is available at £2.50.

TENNIS: David Irvine at the 100th Wimbledon championships

Cash flows past shocked Wilander

FOUR weeks after having his appendix removed in St Stephen's Hospital, Fulham, Pat Cash continued his unique — and medically highly eccentric — recuperation of the Centre Court on Monday by beating Mats Wilander, officially recognised as the second-best player in the world, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3. As Churchill, had he still been with us might well have observed: some invalid; some operation!

It was difficult to assess who was more astonished by the proceedings — Cash or Wilander. "I'm surprised," said the Australian with total frankness. "I didn't expect it."

Nor, it seemed, did Wilander. "Although at the start of the tournament I felt he was the only unused player who might win, I didn't believe he could play like that well after an operation," Wilander said.

And "well" was precisely how Cash played. At times he was sensational, moving to the ball with great speed and confounding the second-favourite with his marvellous spontaneity. Elegant rallying, brilliant retrieving, skilful volleying — everything seemed to be done at breakneck pace.

It was the sort of match the Centre Court had been waiting for, and it remained tantalisingly open until the very end, with the fourth and final set producing five breaks of serve before Cash was able to hold with an ace on which to exit victoriously.

The fourth round lived up to expectations in every way. Henri Leconte, the French left-hander, brought flashes of summer lightning to No 2 Court as he wrecked John Fitzgerald's hopes of a quarter-final clash with Cash in a match, which, though going to four sets, was always rather one-sided. Later on the same court, "The

Graveyard of Champions," the reigning champion, Boris Becker put superstition firmly aside by dismissing the other surviving Swede, Mikael Pernfors, 6-3, 7-5, 6-2, satisfying revenge for his loss when the pair met recently in the French Open.

There were convincing wins too for the Czech, Miloslav Mecir, who reduced the dwindling American challenge still further with a blossoming 3-8, 7-6, 8-1, 8-2 victory over the No 12 seed, Brad Gilbert, and for the Queen's Club champion, Tim Mayotte, whose success in a fairly formal and unexciting match with Eddie Edwards was convincingly wrapped up 6-3, 8-4, 7-8.

It was Cash, inevitably, who made the crowd's day. The pandemonium out on No 2 Court where Becker thundered down 23 aces, never lived up to the sort of contest that had earlier delighted those watching on Centre Court.

Early on Wilander, who had started too slowly for his own good in previous matches, claimed a

quick break and, serving confidently, took the first set in a way which suggested that there would be no repeat of 1984, when Cash defeated him at the same stage.

Cash, though, had very different ideas. He too began to open up, claiming the forecourt area and crowding the Swede with quick returns and angled volleys which had Wilander scrambling to retrieve, usually to find the court he had left was open.

"He covered the net so well," said Wilander. "The only way to pass him was to get him going the wrong way, and that wasn't easy. If he guessed right he made the point every time. My volleys, in contrast, seemed to let me down when I really needed them."

Despite letting a 3-0 lead slip in the second set, Cash grabbed Wilander's serve to love to win the set 7-5. The third and fourth sets followed much the same pattern, first swinging one way and then the other, but each time when the decisive moment came it was the Australian who was on the up.

Castle shows his mettle

ANNIVERSARIES tend to bring out the best in the British. In 1977, the year of the Wimbledon centenary, Virginia Wade won the women's singles and John Lloyd beat the fourth seed Roscoe Tanner, in the men's. On the fourth day of the 100th Championships, brought another example of home-grown pride. Anne Hobbs defeated Zina Garrison, seeded ninth, and Andrew Castle gave Mate Wilander, the world No. 2, the fight of his life.

It was both heart-warming and heart-rending as the 22-year-old from Somerset, who had not been worthy of a Grand Prix appearance

until two weeks ago, left No. 1 court to a standing ovation after pushing the Swede to 4-8, 7-6, 8-7, 6-4, 6-0 after a battle which lasted three hours and 44 minutes.

In Castle's own words "I feel him on the ropes, but couldn't finish him." Wilander survived the second set only after coming within two points of losing it.

To many who chide Britons for the habit of taking greater pleasure from a brave defeat than a scraped victory, reaction to Castle's demise may have seemed strange. But set in the mono-chrome context of the British men's game — and particularly the string of failures at the biggest championships of them all — Castle's effort was a revelation.

The Trunton player entered the draw only by grace and favour. Yet he took one of the game's most successful players, twice Australian champion, to the limit.

Castle's press conference revealed that his feet, despite the height to which he aspired, are still firmly planted on terra firma. "What I learned today is that I'm not physically strong enough to stay with the top guys. I played well at the start when he was struggling, but after winning the first set my legs were like lead. I was just too tired."

"Five sets of practice is a lot different to playing five sets on No. 1 court against a top-spinning Swede. It was very difficult."

As Castle's voyage took him into uncharted territory, his problems became ever clearer. Wilander, who had seen so many of his attempted passing shots cut out by his opponent's angled racket, gradually began to find the gaps.

His serve, shaky early on, became increasingly telling. Castle never stopped fighting butto add to his difficulties he was suffering cramp and, at one point, appeared to hurt his back.

Nothing, though, could erase the memory of those first three enthralling sets. Anyone coming in with little knowledge of the personalities involved must have thought that Castle was the Swede, not Wilander. Normally, in such circumstances, the British are tentative and overawed. Castle gave a clear demonstration of positive thinking. He was brisk, businesslike and showed no fear.

Castle learned subsequently that his efforts had won him a place in Britain's four-man Davis Cup squad against Australia at Wimbledon later this month.

Connors falls

KEVIN CURREN, last year's beaten finalist, was the first men's seed to fall in the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships last week. He went down on the first day to West Germany's Eric Jelen, 8-4,

8-7, 2-6, 6-4, 12-10. On the next day Jimmy Connors, twice former champion, went out in the first round for the first time to the man he had beaten at Queen's a week previously, followed American Robert Seguso.

Lloyd's calm progress

CHRIS LLOYD has only once failed to reach the semi-finals in 46 grand slam tournaments. That was on No. 1 Court at Wimbledon in 1959, when she lost in the third round to Kathy Jordan.

On Monday in the same setting and against the same opponent, her mind doubtless went back to that disaster three years ago. Jordan led her by 5-1 in the first set, and seemed about to disprove the theory that lightning never strikes twice.

It was exactly the context in which the greatness and consistency of Lloyd, 31 now but still as tough as ever, could be expected to blossom. And so it did. In a remarkable sequence she won the next 10 games to destroy the No. 16 seed's challenge and win 7-6, 6-2.

So once again Lloyd proved capable of rising to even the stiffest challenge. In 1983 she played against doctor's advice. This time he told her, there could have been no such alibi. But she was cool, assured and confident; it was a marvellous recovery in the circumstances.

The women's fourth round provided an early upset when Bettina Bunge, who now plays out of Monaco, defeated the No. 8 seed, Mmuelu Maleve, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3. Though it may have confounded the computer, those who remember

Bunge as a semi-finalist in 1982 were less surprised. Her game is tailored to grass, whereas the young Bulgarian, reared on clay, is still feeling her way on the faster surface.

Gabriela Sabatini, still only 16, became the first Argentinian to reach the last eight since 1964. Despite an odd second-set lapse, she recovered to outlast the Italian Raffaella Reggi 6-4, 1-5, 8-3. There were much more comfortable victories for Lori McNeil (by 7-5, 6-1 over Betzy Nagelsen) and Sukove (by 8-3, 6-0 over Robin White).

McNeil, who in two previous Wimbledon visits had failed to win a match, is perhaps the odd one out among the surviving eight. Like the other black competitor, Zina Garrison, she learned her tennis in Houston through a perks scheme. Originally, however, she came from San Diego where her father played American football for the Chargers — a fact one would never guess looking at his short, slim daughter.

Sabatini's next opponent will be the Swede, Catherine Lindqvist, who fought doggedly to overcome Dianne Bolestrat, the last Australian, 7-6, 7-5, while the No. 1 seed, Martina Navratilova, coped easily with the surprisingly heavy serve of the 20-year-old French girl, Isabelle Demongeot, to win 8-3, 6-3.

THE GUARDIAN, July 6, 1988

SOCCER — WORLD CUP FINALS IN MEXICO: Argentina 3, West Germany 2, by David Lacey

Argentina on top of the world again

ARGENTINA won the World Cup for the second time in three tournaments on Sunday by proving that there is more to their team than Diego Maradona. They defeated West Germany 3-2 in the Aztec Stadium in Mexico City in front of 114,000 people in a final which saved its main dramas for the last 18 minutes and then left the capacity crowd limp with excitement. It was a climax the 1988 World Cup deserved.

To West Germany must go the credit for transforming a predictable and at times prosaic game into a memorable match. They were two goals down before the hour and seemed destined to pass into footballing history as the most uninspired of losing finalists.

In this sort of situation, however, something always seems to stir in the soul of the most leaden-footed West German footballer. They had proved as much, to England's cost, in Mexico 18 years earlier.

Or perhaps it is that more than most teams they remember all too well that of a football match lasts at least 90 minutes. Whatever the truth of the matter, two corners from Brehme were sufficient to produce goals which brought the scores level in the space of nine minutes, and just for a moment it seemed that the World Cup was going to be taken back to Europe from a Latin American tournament for the first time in the most extraordinary fashion.

Then, with an uncanny echo of the 1979 FA Cup final, when Manchester United had recovered in similar fashion to draw level with Arsenal at 2-2, the coolest head on the field swung the match back on to its original course.

At Wembley on that day it had been Brady lying on the winner for Sunderland to take the prize to Highbury. Now Maradona's simple but well-timed pass over the halfway line caught the German's fully committed to attack and left Burruchaga with a clear run to-

wards Schumacher. Burruchaga gave the German goalkeeper no chance — not even the chance to see him — and so the World Cup event went back to Buenos Aires instead of across the Atlantic to Frankfurt.

It was the obvious and the fairest result even if the final double twist to the plot had left the outcome briefly in doubt. It was fitting, too, that the most decisive blow should have been struck by

FINAL FACTS
Argentina W. Ger.
Goals scored 3 2
Goals on goal 5 2
Shots on target 4 7
Fouls 22 33
Corners 8 8
Yellow cards 4 2
Leading World Cup scorers were:
1 — Lindeker (England)
2 — Burruchaga (Spain), Carone (Brazil), Maradona (Argentina)
3 — Brehme (Germany), Altobelli (Italy), Belanov (Soviet Union), Valderrama (Argentina)
4 — Voeller (West Germany), Jasper (Denmark), Coulemans (Belgium), Claessen (Belgium)

Burruchaga, who on the day was best cast for the role of West Germany's executioner.

Maradona, whose explosions of individual skill against England and Belgium had carried him to the final on a wave of universal acclaim — give or take the odd English cry of "Cheat" — stayed in the engine-room, checking on the gauges and the pistons and giving a less spectacular though no less valuable performance.

The argument that Argentina amounted to nothing more than Maradona and ten journeymen always did look thin but it needed Sunday's performance to convince the sceptics of their true worth as world champions.

Burruchaga had an exceptional game as did the rest of the Argentine midfield with Enrique, Olarticochea and Giusti not far behind. Their ability to pressure the Germans whenever possession was lost, fall back to broaden the defensive barrier, then break out swiftly and incisively once the

ball had been regained enabled them to take a grip on the match which West Germany seldom challenged until this last chaotic quarter of an hour.

The Germans approached the game with their usual phlegmatic sense of discipline and organisation, preferring Berthold to Rolf to give them extra width, pace and penetration on the right. But until they scored there was little imagination in their football. Forerunner had an excellent match in the middle of the defence but Magoth and Eder were consistently outnumbered in midfield and Metthaus's duties in staying goal-side of Maradona prevented him from supporting attacks in his usual way.

Not that Maradona made an immediate impact. Indeed the first time he came to the attention was in the 19th minute when he was cautioned after throwing a tantrum when the referee ordered a German free-kick to be retaken because the defensive wall had not retreated the proper distance.

Three minutes later Mattheus was cautioned for a crude tackle on Maradona and in the next instant drew Schumacher off his line and slipped the ball past him inside the far post.

Burruchaga's free-kick from the right swung away from Schumacher who was left punching thin air as Brown headed the

'Worthy champions' — Beckenbauer

FRANZ BECKENBAUER, the manager of the losing team, said Argentina were "worthy world champions and we are worthy vice-champions. We did everything to come back from two goals down, but in the end we punished ourselves. All three goals were avoidable."

He did not blame Schumacher. "He's one of the best in the World Cup, as he showed throughout this tournament. Perhaps this was not his lucky day, but we can't reproach him for that. We gambled in defence, and that's impossible against a team like Argentina."

Raul Alfonsin, the President of Argentina, added his applause in a television link-up from Buenos Aires with: "We have many problems to overcome, we need a bit of joy."

England desperately reshuffle the pack as new Botham row looms

ENGLAND'S cricketers enter the third and final Test against the Indians at Edgbaston with another new-look squad and the knowledge that their star all-rounder, Ian Botham, had been talked himself out of selection for the coming Test series against the New Zealanders.

Botham, who is already serving a two-months' ban from international and first-team county cricket after admitting that he had smoked cannabis, was reported at the weekend allegedly to have described England's Test selectors as drunken doddlers. In an after-dinner speech in Manchester he was alleged to have said: "They bring him (a selector) out of a lot, take the dust sheets off, give him a pink pin and sit him there. He can't go out of a 30-mile radius of London because he's usually too pleased to get back."

Later he said: "It was a just. It was a private dinner where everyone had given an undertaking that it was not for publication. I suppose they will be bugging my bedroom next." Peter May, chairman of the five selectors, said: "Botham is entitled to his opinion. The disciplinary committee will do what they have to do." This was a reference to a committee of the New Test and County Cricket Board, which was already due to meet this week and could well, after studying the reports, charge Botham with bringing the game into disrepute and could then extend the nine weeks' ban he is already serving.

Those same selectors — May, Phil Sharpe, Alan Smith, Fred Titmus, and Mike Gatting — made four changes for the third and final Test against the Indians, a series already won by the tourists. Out go Lamb, Smith, Slack and Lever, after the debacle of the second Test at Leeds. In come Neil Foster, Naal Radford, and Wayne Larkins alongside the expected return of the former captain, Gower, who missed the Leeds occasion through injury. Lamb goes after 46 consecutive appearances since 1982.

Cooch is now the oldest consecutive time server, but with only 13 months to his credit. Larkins, a batsman, returns after an absence of five years — and even in the old days he hardly impressed at the international level although his ability is not doubted. Foster, a pace bowler, has played before, but Neil Radford, a pace bowler with Worcestershire, is making his first Test appearance.

Statistically, England could set the wrong sort of record this summer. If they go down to the Indians in the final Test they will have lost eight consecutive matches, including the West Indian tour, to equal the record set in 1921. And they still face the New Zealanders. By coincidence, in 1921 the selectors used 30 players. This year 22 have been used and there is time yet for more changes.

Domestic cricket had anticipated two other special occasions last week, the 150th century for Yorkshire's Geoff Boycott and the 100th

for Dennis Amiss. But both will have to wait awhile, although Amiss will come closest for Warwickshire, hitting 83 against Yorkshire, for whom Boycott, needing one century to overtake Herbert Sutcliffe's total, made only four. But it was one of those cricketing weeks dominated by the limited-over game, specifically the opening round of the knock-out NatWest Trophy. For once the night was free of the kind of upsets of the establishment that normally give the tournament

sparkle. From England's point of view the round was eminently satisfactory, with the captain, Gatting, making 116 not out for Middlesex against Northamptonshire, and Gower, the previous captain, making 121 for Leicestershire against Ireland.

Berry McGuigan, who lost his World Boxing Association featherweight title in the 100th beat of Las Vegas, as we reported last week, came out of hospital where he had been under observation and seemed to have regained his old humour when he talked of his brain scan: "They asked me to come again because they couldn't find my brain," and McGuigan. He blamed the heat for his defeat and he ended his team admitted that he needed a long rest from boxing and training before possibly challenging Cruz to a re-run.

Seve Ballesteros came from five strokes behind at the start of the

simplest of goals at the far post. After the way they had defended throughout the tournament it was a remarkably elementary way for the West Germans to fall behind.

They had a few chances of drawing level before half-time although Rummenigge could probably have scored after Berthold had nodded a free-kick back to him from the far post.

For the second half Franz Beckenbauer, the West German coach, replaced the struggling Alfons with Voeller, but the change made little immediate difference to the game's pattern except that as the Germans lumbered forward in greater numbers they were more likely to be caught thinly covered at the back. This is precisely what happened in the 56th minute when Argentina scored their second goal.

One tight turn by Maradona near the centre circle was enough to expose West Germany completely on the left. Maradona found Enrique who in turn set Nilvano free on the wing. Cool finishing has been Valdano's forte in this World Cup but now he calmly drew Schumacher off his line and slipped the ball past him inside the far post.

Beckenbauer promptly took off his draftsman, Megeth, and brought on the old bottering rem, Hommes, who in the past had rescued the Germans from such

fraught situations.

In the event Brehme's corner from the left did the trick. Voeller met the first with a header, at the near post which might have been misused but still set up the chance which Rummenigge snatched with his old voracity. That was in the 74th minute. Then, in the 82nd, Brehme swung his corner to the far post and this time Berthold's head reached the ball before the Argentine defence for Voeller to bring the scores level.

The rest happened so suddenly that the supporters of West Germany and Argentina were, still, in turn, rejoicing and despairing before they realised what had happened.

The final whistle saw the stadium enveloped in silver streamers as Maradona collected Argentina's golden prize. For Carlos Bilardo, the Argentine manager, the moment was a culmination of 3½ years' patient rebuilding of their squad in which his prime task was to marry the outstanding talents of Maradona with the newer players coming through. This tournament has borne evidence to Bilardo's success in that direction.

France might have had more style and Brazil more ebullience but Argentine came to Mexico with one exceptional player backed by ever-improving teamwork — and on Sunday they gained their rightful reward.

ARGENTINA — Pumpido, Cuccitto, Brown, Ruggieri, Olarticochea, Enrique, Gusa, Balsa, Burruchaga (Goalkeeper), Berrini, Maradona (captain), Alfons (Goalkeeper).

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Substitutes: Enns, Clausen, Oase, Trobiano, Beckel.

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WEST GERMANY — Schuster, Brehme, Eder, Jaxakis, Fostner, Slogel, Berthold, Mattheus, Magath (Goalkeeper, 62nd), Rummenigge (captain), Alfons (Goalkeeper).